

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 627

Week Ending
MARCH 28, 1931

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

WILL THE RUBBER ROAD COME?

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JAPAN CALLING KINTARO SAITO'S WAY

The Ragged Little Fellow and
His Load of Happiness

WHY NO BRIDE NEED APPLY

The C.N. is proud of having many friends in Japan.

Who does not love Japan? She is the land of art, romance, and chivalry, and of delightful fairy stories; but she is the land of progress too.

One of our Japanese friends has written to tell us the story of Kintaro Saito. He is a real character, this ragged hawker who tramps the roads round Sukagawa, and we think our readers may like to make his acquaintance.

Kintaro is young, muscular, and cheerful. He sets forth from his rickety cottage at daybreak and does not return till nightfall. All through the day he lugs his wares from house to house, and people like his smiling face so well that he has plenty of customers.

Turning Misery Into Joy

Then why should he wear rags and tell his angry mother that he cannot afford to marry? In the East it is thought a tragedy if a man does not marry and have children to carry on his name. Saito's father and mother have been urging him to find a bride for many years, and at last he has told them flatly that he will never do it; he means to spend his money in other ways.

The postmaster knows what happens to Saito's earnings. He buys postal orders at the rate of more than 20 yen a month. When the hawker's mother questioned him about it he confessed that he sent the money to poor strangers.

At night when his work is done Kintaro reads a newspaper, and if he comes across some sad account of a widow in debt or a sick man unable to pay his rent Kintaro sends a little bundle of postal orders to turn misery into joy.

The Happiest Soul in Japan

His mother says she never heard such nonsense in her life. Charity is a luxury, she says; rich men may indulge in it but poor men should not. Kintaro provides enough money to keep his parents, but she wants to see him respectably dressed and happily married.

"What will become of you in your old age?" she asks.

Kintaro smiles merrily, because he neither knows nor cares. He is the happiest soul in all Japan.

We have often heard of fairy god-mothers, and they have always been rich and powerful. It is something new to hear of one who plays the fairy godfather in rags.

Good luck to you, Kintaro Saito! The poet's Happy Man had no shirt to his back, but you have at least your rags. It is good to think of you on the other side of the world, tramping along the roads with a load on your back but no heaviness in your heart.

Daughters of Iceland



These three sturdy girls are workers in a fish-curing station near Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. Fishing is one of the chief industries of the island and large quantities of fish are exported. In severe winters even the cattle and sheep are fed on dried fish.

GOLDEN RULE OF THE STREET

THERE is at least one town in England where an earnest attempt is made to enforce the C.N.'s simple rule that pedestrians should walk on the left of the pavement.

Many of the lamp-posts in Manchester bear a sign inscribed: *Keep to the Left*, and continual efforts are made by the traffic authorities of the city to convince pedestrians of the wisdom of paying attention to this rule.

Manchester's road traffic is largely controlled by automatic signals, and here again efforts are made to teach pedestrians to cross the roads with the signals, and not against them.

Alas, it is not easy to impress the rules of Safety First on pedestrians. A writer in a Manchester paper the other day deplored the great number of jay walkers in the city who persist in risking their own lives and those of others by crossing roads carelessly.

"If pedestrians would move with the signals," he writes, "their progress would be as safe as that of a pawn covered by the strongest piece on the chessboard. Unaccountably, however, they prefer to risk their lives in saving a few seconds. This is not only dangerous to themselves; it is confusing and exasperating to the drivers. Ask a driver what is his chief trouble in the city, and the answer will be Pedestrians every time."

Perhaps the authorities would be advised to take a leaf from the book of M Chiappe, the Chief of Police in Paris. As a result of orders issued by him any pedestrians who attempt to cross the busy streets of Paris at any point other than those that are marked with the sign *You May Cross Here* are immediately arrested and fined.

Sometimes it is necessary to be cruel in order to be kind.

A SCHOOL CLOSES DOWN

ONE MASTER, ONE PUPIL

A Famous Teacher of Long
Ago and His Famous Boy

LITTLE DAVY

It is just like the song of the ten little black boys.

Once there were ten pupils in the little school at the head of Loch Doon. Gradually they dwindled down to one. The Ayrshire education authorities have decided to close it. *And now there is none!*

Surely Mr Donald Campbell, the schoolmaster, must be sorry. He has lived for many years in wild and lovely scenery so far from the madding crowd that the nearest village is ten miles off. He has had plenty of time to get to know the parents in their scattered homesteads, and he has never had to groan over that bugbear of all teachers, the class too large.

Dr Johnson and David Garrick

We are reminded of an advertisement which ranks among the most famous announcements in the literature of schoolmastering. It was in the Gentleman's Magazine nearly 200 years ago, and ran:

At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson.

The advertisement brought Johnson three pupils, whose numbers became reduced very soon to one. The one who remained faithful was David Garrick.

Had the advertisement appeared after Johnson had composed his mighty Dictionary he might have filled a dozen schools, but then he was poor and unknown. The school could not be carried on with only one pupil, so the doctor and David came up to London.

Fame and Poverty

They often talked afterwards of that journey. "Yes," said the Doctor one day in the presence of many illustrious persons, "with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket." Garrick, who was by this time rich and famous, did not relish this allusion to their poverty.

"Eh, what do you say; with twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?" he repeated airily.

"Why, yes," replied the doctor; "when I came with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine!"

We might never have heard of Johnson had he been successful as a provincial schoolmaster, and Garrick might never have been seized with his passion for scholarship had he not come under Johnson. In that case Shakespeare would have had to languish still longer in disgraceful neglect, for it was Johnson's pupil who restored the immortal dramatist to the English stage and brought him back to his kingdom.

TOO LATE FOR JUSTICE

A POOR DEAD MAN
Beware of the Poison of a
Gossiping Tongue

ONE MORE WAR TRAGEDY

On the other side of the world a poor man's honour has just been vindicated. But it is too late. He was imprisoned and is dead.

It would be well if all the world would take to heart this account of a tragedy caused by the poisoned tongue of gossip.

In 1915, when the German cruiser Emden was playing hide-and-seek in the Indian Ocean, it was said that she was secretly getting supplies from the coast of Ceylon.

False Suspicions

Suspicion fell upon a Game Sanctuary Guardian at Yala, who was called Englebrecht and had fought against Britain in the Boer War. Scaremongers said that of course he was a traitor to the Government for whom he worked, and that, of course, he still nourished the hatred bred of that old war. It was surely Englebrecht who sold cattle to the Germans when they came secretly ashore at some lonely place on the coast.

So the tongues clacked; so loudly they clacked that Englebrecht was arrested and tried, and people were found who were ready to swear evidence against him, for he was found guilty and sent to prison. On all sides he met with looks of scorn and loathing. Nobody felt any pity for a man who could supply food to a vessel that sank British shipping.

At last Englebrecht died.

The Truth at Last

The Emden was destroyed by H.M.S. Sydney off the Cocos Islands, but Germany built a new Emden, and after the war the man who was torpedo officer in the old Emden became commander of the new one. She is now making a twelve-months cruise in Eastern waters, and has called at Colombo, and somebody has now written to Captain Witthoef asking whether Englebrecht supplied the Emden with cattle. The captain has replied that during the war the Emden had no contact whatsoever with Ceylon.

Englebrecht was entirely innocent.

There is no punishment for the poisoned tongue which started the lie about this poor man. It is one more of the ugly stories of the war.

A POST OFFICE MIRACLE

Typing by Telephone

A new machine has been invented and is being made by the General Post Office which will enable people to typewrite by telephone.

A device will be attached to the ordinary telephone, and after ringing up a subscriber it will be possible to type a message which will be automatically typed out on paper at the other end of the line.

As the Post Office is proposing to charge £90 a year for one of these machines it is not a thing we shall use in every house, but it will be immensely useful to those who can afford it.

THE POOR SHEPHERD WHO BECAME RICH

Within a few hours of being turned out of his cottage because he was too poor to pay his rent a shepherd belonging to a village not far from Metz in the east of France learned from the mayor that a cousin in America, with no nearer relatives than this poor shepherd, had left him a hundred thousand pounds.

Monsieur Hey has returned to his humble dwelling, but possibly he will now feel that he can afford a more comfortable house.

TRONDHJEM ITSELF AGAIN

An Old Name Comes
Back to Life

PLAYING WITH THE MAP

Makers of maps in Norway, and anywhere else, must feel inclined to say to the city of Trondhjem what Alice said to the Cheshire Cat: "I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy!"

For Trondhjem, after being for many centuries the name of the older city of Nidaros, was voted off the map less than two years ago and was supplanted by the ancient Nidaros, only to be restored to favour again this month. Thus Trondhjem was; Trondhjem was not; and now Trondhjem is again.

When the name was changed for the older style in 1929 the Storting, the Parliament of Norway, made the change without the consent of the inhabitants. Now the inhabitants have told the Storting what they think about the matter, and both Houses of Parliament have voted for the restoration of the name of Trondhjem to the city which, as Nidaros in old time, helped to fill the seas with the painted galleys of the dreaded Vikings.

The Old Viking Spirit

The Norsemen are a peaceful, industrious people today, but the old spirit is there, the spirit which carried some of them to Iceland, on to Greenland, and out across the Atlantic to America. They went forth from their native land because they would not tolerate dictation even from a king, and they will not have names changed even by a Parliament.

Trondhjem is not the only name which has played tricks with the map. There is the Australian town of Bendigo, named after Bendigo, a tremendous Nottingham pugilist who afterwards became known to religious circles as the Rev William Thompson, whose powerful preaching up and down the country brought fame to the town which had for half a lifetime celebrated him as a champion of the pugilistic ring.

Bendy's Sermon

His fame travelled South, and the Australian goldminers named Bendigo after him. In time the name was changed to Sandhurst, but the Australians would not have it. Bendigo it is again today, and the reason may be imagined when we read one of Sir Conan Doyle's best poems, Bendy's Sermon, which shows how the parson borrowed five minutes from his preaching to administer a record thrashing to five jeering bullies who interrupted one of his missions at Birmingham.

There was a good deal of the Viking in the Rev William Thompson, and the men of Bendigo were glad to have it so.

WHAT YOUTH DOES NOT KNOW

Sovereigns and Heroes

Snow came late this year to the South of England, but it stretched its mantle as far as Cornwall, where snow is a rarity. Some 130 out of the 160 boys who attend the Council Schools at Newquay saw it for the first time.

That is explained by the fact that they were too young to have witnessed the previous snowfall at Newquay, which was 14 years ago.

It is odd what the youngsters now growing up do not know. We have already told of a girl of 21 who did not know a golden sovereign when one was given to her. She had been a child of five when sovereigns vanished into the banks. And we heard the other day of three boys who had never heard of Captain Oates, the very gallant gentleman who walked out to his death in the blizzards of the Antarctic on the last expedition of Captain Scott.

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

Iron and Steel Depression

SERIOUS EFFECTS ON
OTHER TRADES

A large proportion of British blast furnaces are now out of action, and 100,000 men normally employed in iron and steel are out of work. The imports of iron and steel continue to be very large.

The attention of the Government has been directed to the fact that this iron and steel unemployment causes great unemployment in other trades.

Iron is made, not only of iron ore, but of coke (with which it is smelted), to say nothing of limestone, and so on. When iron is not made here, therefore, we have thrown out of work coal miners, coke workers, and limestone miners. This throws out of work railwaymen and engineers. This, again, means that wages are not spent at the shops, so that shopkeepers lose trade and send fewer orders to the wholesale trade for food, clothes, and utensils, thus causing unemployment in many other trades.

So the loss of a big industry sets up a circle of unemployments.

Last year the following reductions of traffic connected with iron and steel occurred on our railways:

Iron ore down by	2,500,000 tons
Pig iron by	1,100,000 tons
Limestone by	716,000 tons
Iron and steel by	2,926,000 tons
Machinery by	98,000 tons

This caused a loss of railway revenue of £2,000,000, which meant that railway shareholders received reduced dividends and, having less to spend, set up another circle of unemployments.

200 MILLION BRICKS

Brought to England Last Year

It is very surprising to find that in 1930 we imported nearly half a million pounds' worth of common bricks into this country.

The number of bricks actually imported was over two hundred millions!

In no other country than this can bricks be more readily or more satisfactorily made. All over England there is good clay for making first-class bricks, and, moreover, good coal with which to burn the clay. When we import bricks we import not only clay but coal, for bricks are made as much of fuel as of clay.

In addition to so many bricks we imported 72,000 cwts. of floor tiles, 368,000 cwts. of glazed wall and hearth tiles, and 1,692,000 cwts. of roofing and other tiles. The total value of bricks and tiles imported last year was nearly £1,200,000.

What is true of bricks is true of roofing tiles. It certainly seems a great waste of energy to send ships to fetch heavy bricks and tiles from abroad when they can so well be made in England.

THE AXE IN THE COMMONS

A Tender Blow

In the House of Commons the economy axe has fallen. No more matches are to be supplied to M.P.s.

It will not make a big dent in their £400 a year, and it may save them money by forcing inveterate smokers to put off lighting up till they can borrow a match. By so much will the atmosphere of the House be purified.

The saving to the country will be 12,000 boxes of matches a session, which does not seem a great deal to set against a Budget of £800,000,000. But it will give honourable members food for thought and opportunity for reflection. It is an object lesson.

THE SCORING BOARD

LAST MONTH'S SCORES

Step By Step the World Gets
Better and Better

PEACE AND GOODWILL TO MEN

The biggest score for the Peace Scoring Board last month was the stopping of the conflict on the Greek-Bulgarian border. One more little war stopped just in time.

The goodwill between Italy and France has taken an immense step forward, and a new race for big navies has been avoided.

In India the outlook continued to improve and a final peace draws nearer.

In China the chances of a satisfactory Constitution were brought much nearer and the general outlook is brighter.

The Committee set up by the League for getting rid of the slave trade in Liberia started its work in London.

Notes between England and China concerning the giving back to China of the concession of Amoy were registered with the League.

A debt of the old Austria-Hungary monarchy, affecting half a dozen countries, was satisfactorily settled.

In Spain and the Balkans

Bulgaria rejoiced over the reconciliation which took place between factions of Macedonians within her borders.

Meetings in Paris, presided over by M Briand, helped to solve some of the difficulties of Eastern European countries concerning their stocks of corn.

The King of Spain decided to place the Government of the country in the hands of an elected Parliament.

The Economic Committee of the League of Nations considered measures for preventing the import of infected cattle.

An International Conference at Geneva worked on a convention for unifying the laws of different countries concerning cheques.

A committee of financial experts suggested a system for Governments to follow in fixing the amounts to be spent in each country on armaments.

The first meeting was held of the Council of the Balkans for cooperation, peaceful settlement of disputes, and a possible Balkan Parliament.

PLYMOUTH SAVES A TREASURE

In that ancient church of St Andrew's, Plymouth, where the C.N. was happily able to set on foot the placing of a tablet to the memory of Admiral Frobisher and Admiral Blake, another relic has been placed.

The old church had once a fine oak screen. It vanished to a builder's yard, where an American discovered it and would have taken it across the Atlantic. But the Archdeacon of Plymouth pleaded with him that St Andrew's had the prior right to it, and our American kinsman relinquished it. It will now rest where Plymouth's old admirals worshipped, and where their hearts remain.

Americans have rights in our English memories. It is pleasant to find among them such a testimony to the feeling that sacred things have sacred places.

THINGS SAID

If you take alcohol you cannot be fit.

Mr W. W. Wakefield, Rugby player

We have rediscovered rural England only just in time.

Mr John Buchan

What you are to be you are now becoming.

The Chief Scout

Flies in the studio cost us thousands of pounds.

A Film Producer

Lister saved more lives than all the world through all the ages has thrown away.

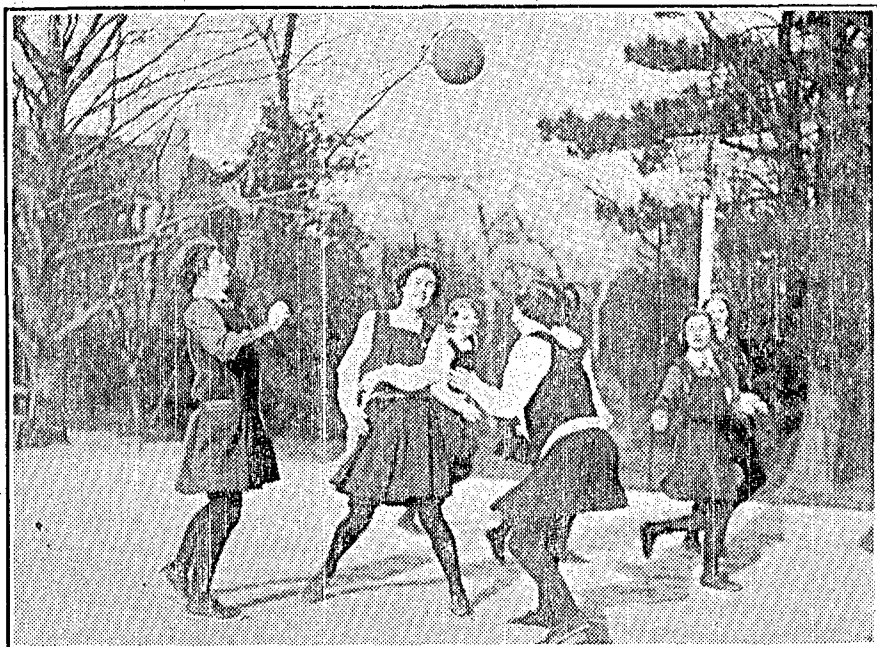
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The Children's Newspaper

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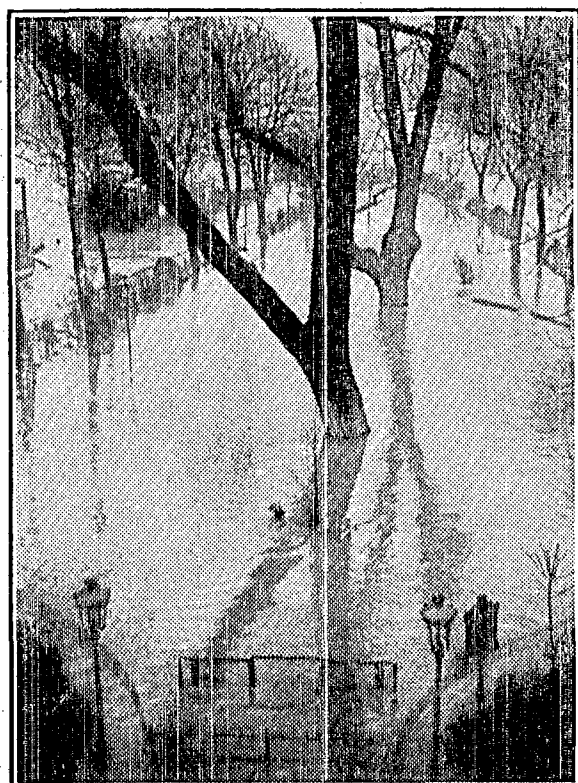
UNIVERSITY NETBALL • POLAR BEARS IN SNOW • PARIS FLOODS



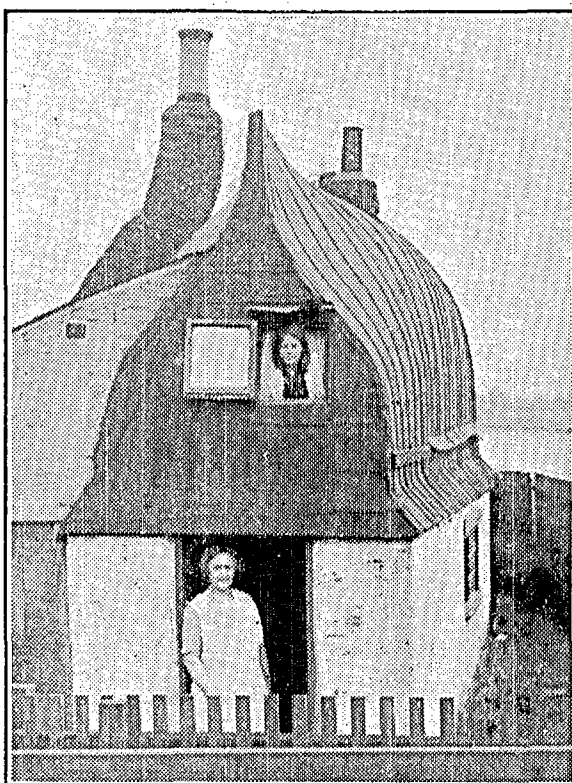
University Netball—A Cambridge player is here seen trying to intercept a pass during a netball match between the rival universities. Oxford won by eighteen goals to seventeen.



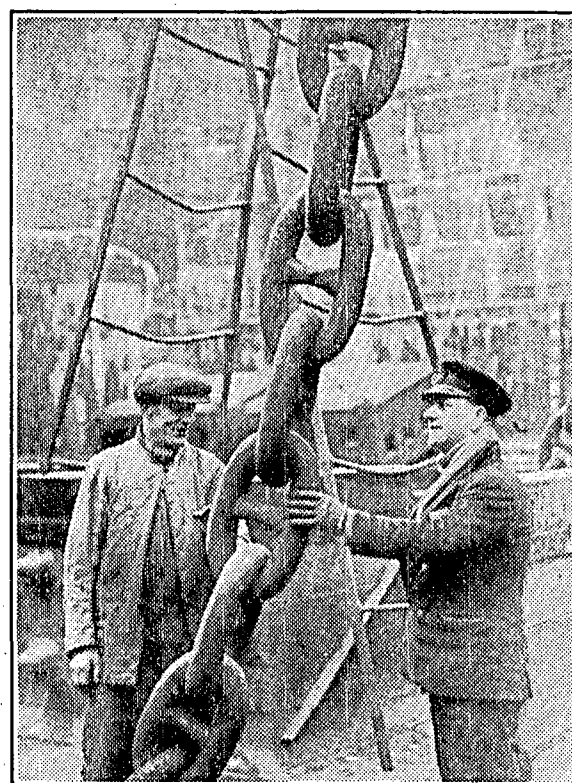
A Big Swing—A swing for eight is considered much more fun than a swing with a seat for only one by these happy little Londoners who are seen at play in St James's Park.



Paris Floods—Heavy falls of rain and snow caused the Seine to overflow its banks. This picture shows what the flood-water did to some gardens along the river bank in Paris.



Dickens Link to Go—The quaint house at Gravesend which Dickens is said to have had in mind when he described Dan Peggotty's ship-like home has been condemned.



Something Like a Chain—An anchor-chain of the Minnewaska being examined when the ship, one of the largest to come up the Thames, was dry-docked in London for an overhaul.



In Their Element—The heavy snowfalls which were experienced early this month were welcomed by none more than the Polar bears at the London Zoo.



Victorian Maids—A Victorian ballet was performed in London the other day in aid of the funds of the Mothercraft Training Society. Here are some of the little girls who took part.

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE CITY

THE LIFE OF THE MANSION HOUSE

Sir William Soulsby Steps
Down From Office

HIS WONDERFUL RECORD

One of the most familiar figures in the daily life of London City is disappearing. Sir William Soulsby has decided to retire from office.

For 55 years Sir William has been Private Secretary to the Lord Mayor of London. For perhaps five years he may have felt strange himself. Then, after that, he has always been there, standing by when the Lord Mayor, strange to his office, had some duty to perform about which even a Lord Mayor might feel slightly nervous. Sir William's eye would be on the gorgeous figure of his new master, and he would be able to say "You know, I think, if I were you, I should do so-and-so. You might find it easier."

Unfailing Tact

The new master would kindly obey his Private Secretary, note at the time his unfailing tact and politeness, and feel that, though kingdoms tottered, all would be well so long as Sir William Soulsby remained, the prop of life at the Mansion House.

The Private Secretary must have felt that existence was a very changeable affair. No sooner had he got used to one man's ways (for even Lord Mayors are human beings) than he had to adapt himself to another. Now that he is eighty one might forgive him if he had forgotten most of the figures in that long procession of faces and years and only remembered the Lord Mayor. One might even forgive him if he found it in his heart to feel that he himself had been the Lord Mayor and the gorgeous figure driving in the lovely coach to Guildhall merely his mouthpiece.

Sir William must have known that the prop of life at the Mansion House must be something unchanging. There were quill pens on his desk when he became Private Secretary in 1875, and though he lived to get used to the sight and sound of typewriters, adding machines, telephones, motor-cars, and all the other noisy aids to modern life, he preferred the old fashions to the end, and wrote his letters with a pen.

In the Cause of Charity

He has been more than the prop of the Mansion House. He has been behind the working of the enormous funds raised in the name of the Lord Mayor when some great calamity at home or abroad served to call on the bounty of the chief city of the Empire. For these causes, under the direction of Sir William Soulsby, almost twelve million pounds have been collected and distributed.

We remember calling on Sir William 30 years ago, and even then he seemed to be part of the Mansion House itself. All these years have passed, and still he has been there, resting only now.

Justice and integrity have marked his dealings. The bankers and merchants of London knew this when on the occasion of the jubilee of his service they presented him with a little present of ten thousand pounds.

We trust that Sir William will have a happy old age, conscious of so much goodwill, with love, honour, and troops of friends to mark his closing years.

THE JAPANESE LADY

The Japanese Parliament has again voted for women's right to stand for municipal councils, the Upper House having rejected this at its last session.

CLEANER AND SWEETER TRAINS

L.N.E.R. ACTS

Why Must Every Railway
Carriage Be Smoky?

JUSTICE TO THE PUBLIC

We have no unreasonable prejudice against smokers (there is too much smoking in the C.N. office for that); but we feel it necessary to point out that the toleration by the railway companies of universal smoking in trains is not just to the public.

After all, there is not only a considerable minority of men who do not smoke, but there are millions of children; and although some women smoke the majority of women do not. Yet it has now become the practice to permit smoking in all railway carriages.

The smell of fresh tobacco may be attractive, but the smell of stale tobacco is one of the vilest odours ever created by mankind. It is nauseating.

Encouraging the Smoke Hog

The beautiful carriages of the American railways are left undefiled by this smell; no one dreams of spoiling them by making them horrid with stale tobacco. The result is that one travels in comfort and pleasure. If you want to smoke on an American train you go to a reserved compartment. Smoking elsewhere is strictly prohibited.

Surely this is common sense as well as common decency.

But on British railways it has lately become the custom actually to encourage smoking everywhere. At one time certain carriages were reserved for smokers and labelled Smoking, but the greater part of the accommodation was kept free of smoke. In many cases this has been entirely reversed.

Some railway companies permit smoking everywhere unless the carriage is labelled Non-Smoking, and the Non-Smoking carriages are hard to find.

Other companies still adhere to the old rule of reserving Smoking compartments, but make them the great majority, so that it is very difficult to find one not labelled Smoking, and when it is found as often as not smokers have taken possession of it, with officials looking on and doing nothing.

Selfishness and Litter

These new practices have so far encouraged selfish smokers that they assume the right to smoke everywhere, to ignore people who object to smoking, and to leave their litter of cigarette ends and matches wherever they go.

On the London Tubes smoking is now actually permitted in the lifts, which are often so crowded that tobacco is puffed right into anybody's face. There is no escape from the nuisance.

It is some comfort, therefore, that the chairman of the L.N.E.R. has just stated that owing to the complaints received action is to be taken to protect non-smokers and to make war upon the selfish smokers.

The official statement is to the effect that compartments will be labelled with notices prohibiting smoking, and the staff will be expected to be more energetic than heretofore in the promotion of the comfort of those passengers to whom smoking is a real nuisance.

We can only hope that the other railway companies will follow the admirable example of the L.N.E.R. and do something to clean up their trains.

THE MOUSE IN THE CAR

A mouse has been the cause of a serious motor accident in France.

It made its nest in a car, and soon afterwards the owner, his wife, and the mouse went for a drive. Suddenly the man noticed the mouse and made a grab at it. In doing so he lost control of the car, which ran into a tree, causing serious injuries to the two occupants.

YOUNG ARTIST'S CHANCE

Helping on the World
Beautiful

OPPORTUNITIES FOR NEW IDEAS

Now is the time for young artists to be up and doing. The eighth competition of Industrial Designs held by the Royal Society of Arts is a wonderful chance to win fame and fortune.

Once upon a time people thought that artists ought to be very poor and live in a good deal of dirt and discomfort. It was thought romantic that their studios should be filled with unpaid bills and unsold pictures while the larder was bare. That they should design furniture and patterns for fabrics was quite unthinkable.

Cabbage Soup Wallpaper

So the artists talked and painted and starved while the world grew uglier and uglier. No one has a good word to say for the cabbage soup wallpaper and the plush picture frames and the bamboo plant stands and the over-carved furniture of that day. Of course the artists grumbled most of all. Then said the Royal Society of Arts: "It is your fault. Come out of the clouds, and make a living by making the world beautiful!"

Some of the artists were shocked and some were frightened, but the best of them saw that the Society was right. Like William Morris they began to design beautiful things for use in everyday life, and manufacturers who were introduced to these things said "Here are the new ideas we have been looking for!"

These introductions are made in the competition of Industrial Designs held by the Royal Society of Arts, and the wisest thing an art student can do is to write to John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, for particulars of this year's competition, which is to be held in June.

Prizes to be Won

There are sub-sections of so many kinds that every artist has his chance; the man who cannot attempt to design a bronze wall tablet to commemorate the loss of R 101 may win one of the prizes offered for posters, or designs for fabrics, or the title page of a book, or a suite of furniture for a liner, or an electric light fitting. And that does not exhaust all the chances offered.

A student may win £50, or a travelling scholarship, but the more important thing is that he may meet a manufacturer with whose help the student's ideas may one day bring fame and fortune.

So let the student cease to talk of Art for Art's sake, and talk of Art for the Service of the World. Service is a noble thing, and the artist who serves his fellow-men by giving them lovely things for everyday use is doing something that ennobles instead of demeaning his art.

And if it also means that he can pay his rent and eat square meals we do not believe his inspiration will suffer.

49 MEN CHANGE THEIR MINDS

A Glimpse of a Dungeon

A little while ago 49 men were feeling very sorry for themselves. Now all that is changed.

They were unemployed, and nothing can be more disheartening than that. Naturally they had a poor opinion of the Twentieth Century.

Then the Government called them to excavate the ruins of Pevensey Castle, a very long and interesting piece of work. The other day they came upon a stone slab, and on raising it nearly toppled into an old dungeon. There were chains and bolts on the floor, and there were no windows. Prisoners were lowered 15 feet into this dismal hole, and there left in darkness.

Now the excavators think there is a good deal to be said for the Twentieth Century after all.

THE SQUARE MILE

PARLIAMENT
REMEMBERS THE PAST
A Unique Honour for the City
of London

5000 CARETAKERS

Parliament has shown a fine sense of the past in a privilege it has bestowed on the City of London, our famous Square Mile, as we call it.

If a Bill now before the Commons becomes law most of us will have to vote for our houses and not for business premises, but the one exception is to be the City of London. Business men in the City may, if they choose, exercise their one vote, not for their homes, but for the building in which they occupy themselves in the City. This gives them a distinction above all other electors in the land.

The Only True Residents

There are two reasons for the granting of this favour. By day the City is occupied by a host of business men whose operations are world-wide and whose money yields nearly one-quarter of the total income-tax of the kingdom. At night they go to their homes and leave the City to some 5000 charwomen, caretakers, and watchmen.

These are nowadays the only true residents in the City, and, but for the saving provision now made, they alone would vote for the election of members of Parliament to represent the capital of the British Commonwealth of Nations. That is the first reason.

The second reason is pure romance, a recognition of the history and traditions of the ancient City. London has been the great history-maker of the Empire and the most stalwart bulwark of the liberties of our people. For hundreds of years she stood between the nation at large and the tyranny of oppressive kings.

She was a city to herself. She made and unmade kings.

A Splendid Record

Never did the City act more heroically than when Charles the First appeared at the House of Commons with an armed force to seize certain of its members who had defied him. Within a few hours the City took arms against him, surrounded Parliament, and showed him that right was greater than might.

Shining chapters in our story have been written by the City. She found the men, the money, and the ships which carried our commerce to Russia, to the Levant, to Persia, to India, and, spreading West and South, gave us North America and the whole Australasian continent.

She has been the Empire's bank, port, and organiser, and Parliament's tribute to her record and her unique status will probably be welcomed wherever the flag flies.

DUST ON THE WIND

Professor Reya, the Director of the Meteorological Institute in Ljubljana, has made an extraordinary discovery while carrying out some scientific exploration in the Slovenian Alps.

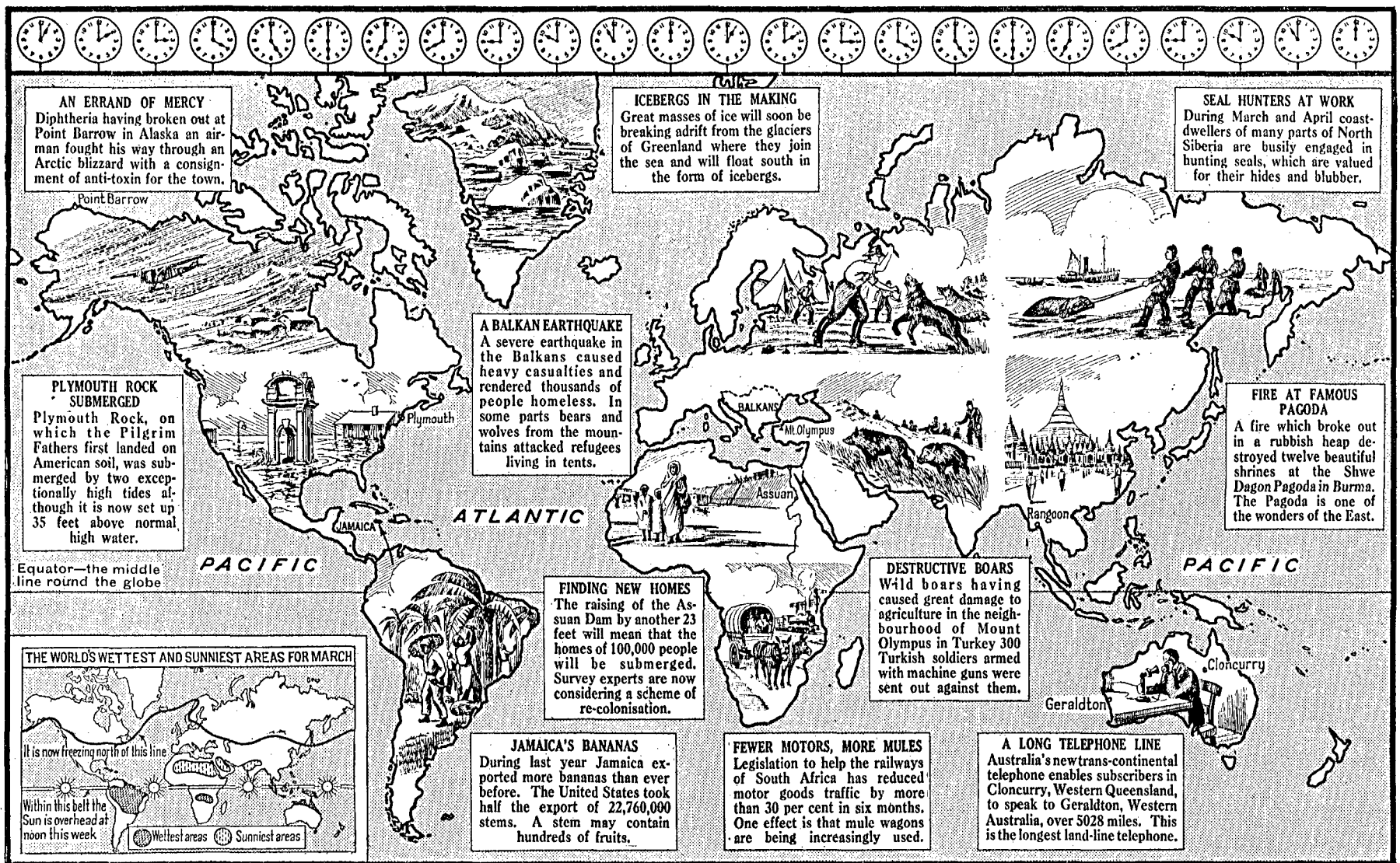
On the top of a mountain range he has discovered red sand dust which is proved to have been brought by the winds across the Mediterranean from the Sahara Desert. The discovery is causing great interest in Yugo-Slavia scientific circles.

The same phenomenon occurred in 1901, when similar dust blown from Africa was discovered in many places in South and East Europe.

Jersey has forbidden the export of green lizards, grass snakes, and any reptiles peculiar to the island.

We are glad to see that our good friend Basil Mathews has accepted the American Professorship of Missions at Boston.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A VERY BRAVE MAN

Heroism on the Zambesi

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH

In the River Zambesi of Africa, near Livingstone, a pack of native children were splashing and playing as if there were no such things as crocodiles.

But there were, and the wire enclosure round the pool where they were bathing had been broken down. One poor little boy suddenly disappeared with a shout of terror.

A man on the bank heard the cry as he rested there. The man was fully clothed. He was, in fact, only just recovering from a severe illness. Also he knew quite well what had happened. A crocodile had dragged the terrified boy under water.

But the man did not hesitate a moment. In he plunged, and tried to save the boy. At any moment the man-eating crocodile might have turned on him. That, too, he perfectly realised. But he persisted in his efforts, and the crocodile fled.

It is sad to have to say that his heroism was not rewarded by the saving of the boy's life, but it was a great deed, such as many brave men might well shudder to contemplate. It was right that the King should recognise such bravery by conferring the Albert Medal on Mr Leonard Pemberton, this very brave man.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Rembrandt etching	£680
Chocolate pot, 1707	£265
Chinese bowl and cover	£262
Painting by Mabuse	£200
George II silver salver	£160
Pair of candlesticks, 1704	£114
Queen Anne mirror	£92
Silver dish, 1717	£67
12 antique spoons	£66
Chaucer's Works, 1542	£50
Roman gold coin, 200 B.C.	£12

OUTPUT

Is It Going Down?

The Board of Trade now measures industrial production for us and we are able to see how much the fall in 1930 amounted to.

To make a reasonable measurement the Board take the production of the year 1924 as 100, and express later production as percentages of that year.

The officials say that British production last year was a little more than three per cent better than in 1924, but much less than in 1929. We can put it quite clearly. Taking output in 1924 as 100, the output in 1928 was 105.5; the output of 1929 was 111.8; and that of 1930 was 103.3.

While, however, the reduced output of 1930 was above the output of six years ago the output in the last quarter of 1930 was reduced to 99 per cent of that of 1924.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYE

"Where is my Eye?"

"Wagging its tail at your feet."

That is the sort of conversation which might surprise strangers who did not know about the dogs for blind men supplied by the Seeing Eye.

The National Institute for the Blind has interested itself in a special fund for training such dogs, and instructors are being supplied by the Seeing Eye, an organisation with headquarters in Switzerland. The new school is being opened at Wallasey.

The Seeing Eye has had extraordinary success in its training methods. Blind men are able to move freely and safely about the streets because their dogs have learned how to give signals warning them of approaching traffic. The dogs are in truth eyes to their masters.

Each dog is trained with the blind man to whom he will belong, and six men will go to school with six dogs at Wallasey. The first six animals are Alsations and Collies.

THE SEVERN'S BORE

Thousands Go To See It

In the high Spring tides of March the Severn displays its famous bore, the inflowing tide which rushes from the estuary with such volume and rapidity that as it approaches the narrow reaches of the river near Gloucester it is piled up into a roaring wall of water.

It had been expected and so widely advertised that thousands of people came by motor and motor-coach from the Midlands, South Wales, and Bristol to see it.

The bore arrived according to schedule on the morning of one of the highest tides of the year, but the strong easterly wind which came from the North Sea across England flattened the big wave so that it proved only a moderate bore after all.

It was none the less a fine sight, and the Severn bore will certainly live to rise another year, for it never entirely fails. One other English river, the Trent, has a similar peculiarity.

There are also famous tidal waves in the Amazon, the Hooghly, the Elbe, and the Seine. The Amazon's bore is 30 feet high and its roar is heard for miles. But the bores of our two English rivers are probably the only ones to which excursions are run.

THE SCATTERED JEWS

An interesting estimate of the number of Jews in the world has been made by the Jewish Chronicle.

According to this account the world has roundly fifteen million Jews, their distribution being: Europe, 9,500,000; Asia, 600,000; Africa, 500,000; America, 4,600,000.

The number in Australia and other parts of the South Seas is negligible, perhaps 25,000.

In all countries the Jews make good citizens and contribute fine artists, musicians, writers, and statesmen. The rich Jews are exceedingly generous as public benefactors.

COLUMBUS OF GENOA

Birthplace Certain at Last

200 YEARS OF DOUBT ENDED

We are taught at school that Columbus was born at Genoa. Perhaps we are not told that the question has been fiercely debated for two centuries and more. Now it has been settled.

Not only do many old noble Italian families claim the discoverer of America as having been of their house, but several towns in Italy claim him as a native. That is not the worst. Spain denies that he is an Italian at all, and has always insisted that he was born and bred a Spaniard.

Now history has been repeating itself. The Italian Government last year appointed a commission to visit France and Spain and investigate every shred of evidence available in the archives of the two nations. The Genoese Academy appointed a similar commission in 1812 to examine the rival claims of towns in Italy, and the report of this commission was in favour of Genoa.

The new commission has now completed its task and again reports that Genoa was the great man's birthplace. It has had the extraordinary good fortune to find at Seville a letter written by Columbus in 1504 to the Genoese Ambassador.

Careful comparison with this letter establishes the genuineness of a document at Genoa which declares in Columbus's handwriting that he was born there. This document the Spaniards have always declared to be a forgery. The newly-found letter, proving its genuineness, is to be photographed and published, with translations, to every nation, to show that the man who found America was a Genoese.

In the last ten years the population of India has increased by over 30 millions.

Pithead baths, enabling miners to bathe and change into clean clothes before going home, have now been provided at nearly 80 British coal mines.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 28 1931

Rubbish Must Go

IN one of our celebrated plays the chief character, a Yorkshireman, says very emphatically that he does not like roobbish; and everybody should agree with the quaint Mr Quinney in disliking rubbish.

For the good name of British trade and production we enter a protest against its continued manufacture in this country.

It is very painful to see rubbish houses being built and rubbish furniture being put into them. It is cruel to sell a little rubbish house to a thrifty family paying for it by instalments. Unfortunately the law has no power to stop or even to hinder the building of a rubbish house. Power exists to make the drains good, but no one can prevent the use of soft bricks, muddy mortar, sappy woodwork, or trumpery locks and fastenings. It is quite exceptional to find good locks used in a small house.

So it is with the furniture which nowadays is so often sold on the hire system. The greater part of it is hastily put together and badly finished. It is often so poor as to be cruelly dear in its cheapness, for it will not stand ordinary wear-and-tear.

So it is with ironmongery. If we look at the implements sold as fire-irons we almost invariably find that the poker is useless for its purpose. Yet metal is very cheap, so cheap that the iron required for a workmanlike poker is an item that hardly counts. Why, then, should the shops exhibit toy sets of fire-irons at a price which should easily command good metal? The price of iron is now 58s a ton; the other metals are almost at the lowest price known. Copper is only fivepence a pound; zinc is about a penny-farthing. As brass goods are made of copper and zinc, why should brass goods be rubbishy and dear?

Not only do we see rubbish in metal; we find it in china ornaments. We can see in poor neighbourhoods shop windows full of vases and other ornaments which are merely gaudy trash.

Something more than the welfare of poor and middling poor people is hit by the making of rubbish. It strikes at our British good name. We venture to invite the editors of trade journals to direct attention to the fact that the trade of the future will be enormously greater than that of the past, but that it will go to those nations that have the good sense to produce cheap goods that are good. The small cars are examples of what we mean by goods that are cheap and good; let them be examined by those who injure our good name and spoil our trade by producing things that are, from every point of view, cheap and nasty.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



We Can Well Believe It

A DOCTOR has been telling the Council for Mental Hygiene of an acquaintance who wrote all the lyrics for a musical comedy in a dream.

Perhaps we may be forgiven for quoting the doctor's elegant language. It was the most awful tripe, said he, but it ran for a whole year in a London theatre.

Men and Greyhounds

SO common have the deaths of young air pilots become that the newspapers now hardly notice them.

We have a newspaper before us which records nearly at the bottom of a column, under the heading:

AIRPLANES COLLIDE

the deaths of two more airmen. The same paper, on the same page, gives bolder headlines to the death of a greyhound, thus:

GREYHOUND KILLED

DASH INTO FENCE AT WHITE CITY RACE

We do not say that the death of a greyhound is not a matter for note, although we are sorry that honest dogs should be used to promote another form of gambling. What strikes us as astonishing is that in a London newspaper the death of one greyhound should have bigger headlines than the death of two boys in the Air Force. Is it not time we set a higher value upon the deaths which day by day attend these preparations for wars we have pledged our word not to fight?

What Will Tahiti Say?

MANY people have been glad to see this letter from Lord Lee in the New Statesman:

Sir, I am entirely and enthusiastically in accord with Sir Michael Sadler's suggestion that Mr Epstein's Genesis would look superb in a glade of a hill-forest in Tahiti, and if he will start a fund to defray the necessary expenses of transportation to the favoured locality I shall be only too glad to contribute a guinea—or even more. LEE OF FAHAM

The C.N. will be glad to contribute Ten Guineas—or even more.

What the World Was Like Then

FROM the bundle of old papers which have reached us from a Yorkshire garret we take these two items, both from the summer of 1828.

James Murray (26) pleaded Guilty to an indictment charging him with having stolen a galloway, the property of A. Greaves and Company of Osselt. Judgment of death recorded.

Thomas Kennedy (19) charged with having burglariously broken into the house of Joseph Haigh, of Gray's Walk, Leeds, and stolen therefrom a quantity of wearing apparel. Guilty. Judgment of death recorded.

Our world is bad enough, but it is a paradise compared with the world of James Murray and Thomas Kennedy.

Nam?, Please

There is only one donkey in the British Army. From the Annual Report

Patience

From a Correspondent

AN English schoolboy of our acquaintance happens to be spending his first German holiday in Frankfurt, and there lies before me his first letter. He says that the household (that of a German baroness) is "terribly hard up," and that the house has poor furniture and bare walls. But there are games and music—Patience, with the whole family watching Mother make her final coup; a clarinet near the piano; and a pile of old, beautiful music which begins after the Patience is over.

Patience and Music—it is something (is it not?) for us to bear in mind?

Tip-Cat

ACCORDING to a West-End tailor the dinner jacket is done for. Yet it is very little worn.

A STAMP thirty years old was used on a letter. Someone must have been sticking to it.

THE railway porter who has secured his flying certificate hopes to rise above his station.

WE are gradually getting back to Victorian clothes, says a fashion fellow. Modern materials don't last long.

PARIS is to have an underground road. Ours are usually up.

EVERYBODY should keep a family album, declares a writer. Where members of the family can be shut up.

THE Chancellor says British trade is standing higher now than in the last five years. We thought there was something up with it.

A SCIENTIST thinks animals could learn to write. Is that why sheep are driven to the pen?

WE are told that England chooses to be intellectually lazy. She won't even change her mind.

AN International footballer says he trembles before a match. He should strike it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL is buying the beautiful Fredley Estate at Mickleham as an open space.

THE London Temperance Hospital has received a gift of £32,000 from Mr Insull of Chicago in memory of his parents.

JUST AN IDEA

Our life is none too easy: taken altogether it will bear any little smoothing we can give it.

Waiting Time

NOW is the quiet waiting time. The rough, ploughed soil is still.

There is no leaf yet on the branch, No harebell on the hill.

THERE is no Winter, yet no Spring;

The dark Earth holds her breath; It is as though all birds had died, All song lay low in death.

YET are the black arms of the trees

The scaffolding for bowers When summer builds green walls again

And floors of waking flowers.

How often thus with hopeful joy

We wait some well-loved guest, And wonder in our beating hearts If waiting time is best.

Marjorie Wilson

Seeing the Tower

By a Passer-By

CLOSE to the Tower of London is a small school. It is a school for poor children, but it holds some of the happiest of London's citizens.

Growing up under the shadow of the grey walls of the old Tower they understand a little the secret of England's greatness.

In the shadow of the Tower sits a poor artist. His pavement pictures are of woodland scenes, and he himself, with his fresh colour, looks as if he had long lived in the country. He has only one arm, and with it he patiently draws his pictures every morning and rubs them out at night.

Not long ago he sat at his work in the lunch hour. Heavy lorries lumbered by. Behind him the first delicate hint of Spring showed in the grass creeping up by the battlements and in the rapturous burst of song from an eager bird. As he worked he listened to the voices of children.

Nothing in the World Like It

"Yes, that's the White Tower," said one Cockney voice. It belonged to a small boy accompanied by a diminutive sister. "Only," he went on, "you can't see it cos you're too small."

The tiny sister was standing on the tips of her thinly-clad toes. "It's only wall," she complained; "I want to see it proper."

The artist put down his coloured chalks. He rose a little stiffly to his feet. "Up you come," he said, and swung a delighted small girl shoulder high. "There you are. There's the Tower. Its been there hundreds of years and there's nothing in the world like it—is there, sonny? Makes you proud to live in London. Lots of children come up from all over the country to see it and you can pass it every day. How lucky you are!"

The little group by the railings attracted the attention of more than one passer-by, and I think that when the artist put down his burden he found himself richer by more than childish thanks.

RUBBER ROADS

WILL THEY COME?

What We Have Learned From Many Years of Experiment

GETTING RID OF NOISE AND VIBRATION

Great hopes have been aroused in the rubber world by the news that an easier and cheaper method of laying rubber roads has been announced in Singapore.

In an endeavour to lessen the noise caused by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rumble of cartwheels on cobbles wood-block surfaces for roads were introduced many years ago. Traffic nowadays is so much heavier that noises in cities have actually increased, with a correspondingly bad effect on the nerves of town-dwellers, while the vibration caused by the traffic is doing immense damage to property.

It seems that for many town thoroughfares the rubber road must come to solve the problem. For with a rubber surface noises and vibration are reduced to a minimum.

A Wise Step

The idea of rubber roads is by no means new, for as long ago as 1870 the noise of horse traffic at St Pancras was found by residents at the station hotel to be so intolerable that the Midland Railway Company adopted the wise step of paving the road to the arrival platform with rubber. Rubber slabs two inches thick were used, and although since then the roadway has been widened and on other occasions the rubber has been relaid and in some places renewed, some of the original slabs are still in use.

The greatest argument against rubber roads has been their cost, and although many satisfactory blocks have been produced several have been ruled out on this account. There are, however, in this country at least four different types of rubber blocks of moderate price that have proved their ability to withstand heavy town traffic. Some of these blocks have a rubber top on a base of concrete or other material, while others are of rubber throughout, the base portion being very hard, with a softer cap.

Experiments in London

In 1913 there began in Southwark a series of experiments, which lasted for several years, during which many different types of rubber paving-blocks were tested where traffic passed at the rate of 240 tons an hour on each square yard.

Today there are several sections of rubber roadway in London—on the approach to Fresh Wharf behind Adelaide House near London Bridge; in New Bridge Street not far from the C.N. office; in Thurlow Place, South Kensington; in the Croydon Road at Anerley; and elsewhere. In New Bridge Street traffic is very heavy, about 16,500 vehicles passing daily. After three years it was noticed that the rubber showed scarcely any signs of wear, while wood-paving near it, laid down at the same time, had worn at least a quarter of an inch.

The Problem of Cost

In 1923 a section of rubber road was laid down in Shadwick Place, Edinburgh, and another at Buchanan Street, Glasgow, and both have worn exceedingly well. At Singapore, too, rubber blocks were put down on the entrance road to the dock premises in 1922; and during a period of five years, when the rubber roadway showed no signs of wear, an adjoining road of another material had to be repaired three times.

The importance of rubber roadways from the shock-absorbing point of view has been fully recognised in America. The roadways and sidewalks of the Michigan Avenue Bridge in Chicago, a bridge which is said to carry more traffic than any other bridge in the world, are entirely rubber-surfaced.

It may be thought that rubber roads are skiddy, but in practice it has been

MUSSOLINI THE LIBERATOR

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has not always commanded the esteem of the C.N. as the preserver of liberty, but we must pay a tribute to the seven decrees he has lately passed in defence of liberty of conscience in religion.

In Italy henceforth all kinds of religious beliefs and forms of worship are permissible. Churches and other buildings may be built for the work of these religions. The names of their pastors and ministers must be notified.

Furthermore the Dictator proclaims that religion shall form no bar to anyone's political or civil rights or to his holding of any post.

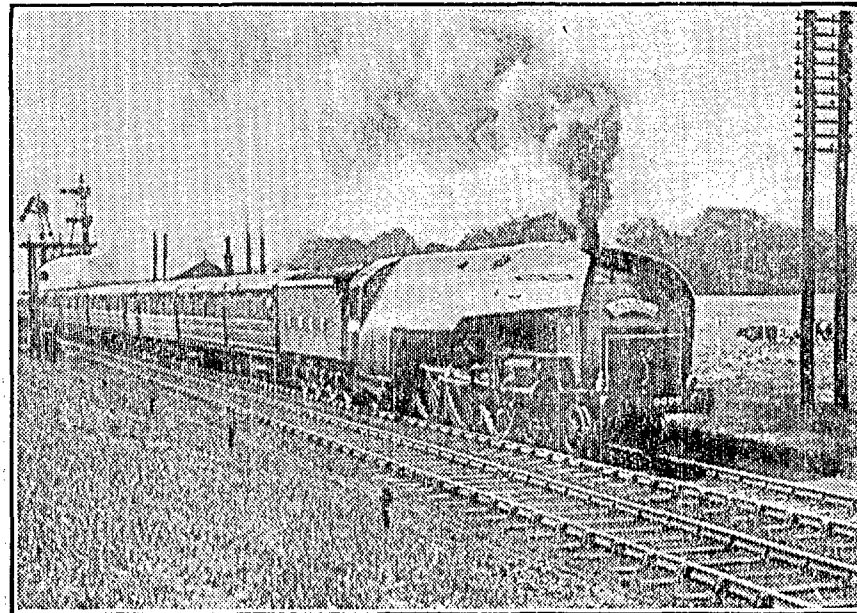
Full liberty is granted to anyone to proclaim his beliefs. Parents or guar-

dians can have their children exempted from the religious instruction given in schools. It is also decreed that ministers of religion of any persuasion may perform the marriage ceremony, making it legal and valid.

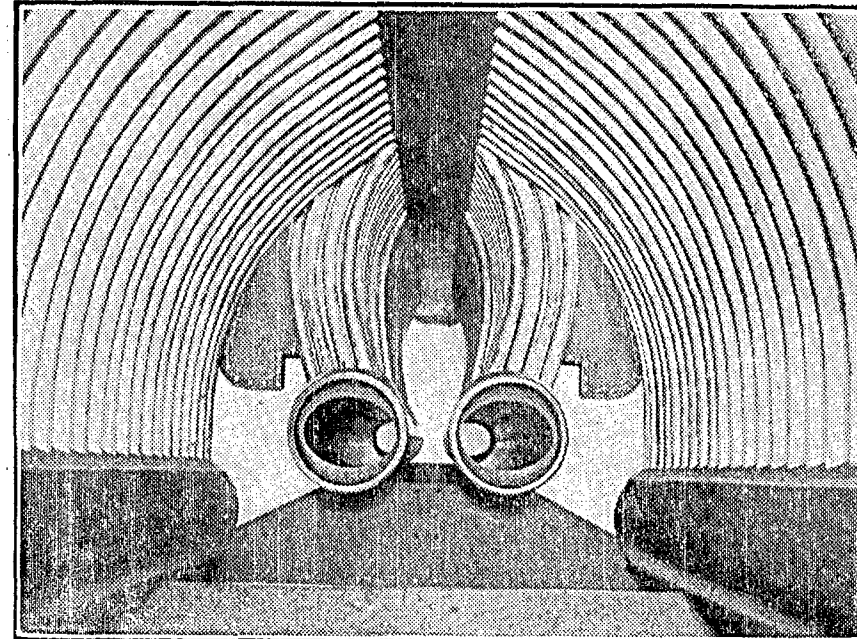
There is yet another unwritten decree which Mussolini gave out when the activities of the Salvation Army were referred to him. The weapons of their warfare, he told them, are not directed against men and nations but against the powers of darkness. "Go on with your warfare," he bade them, adding that he would see they were protected.

It is all most admirable. After religious liberty, may we now expect political and intellectual liberty?

THE NEW FLYING SCOTSMAN



The Flying Scotsman drawn by Number 10,000



What Number 10,000 is like inside

The strange new engine of the L.N.E.R., known as Number 10,000, has passed its trials satisfactorily and is now being used to draw the Flying Scotsman. The lower picture shows how the water-tubes are arranged in the engine boiler.

Continued from the previous column

found that they are perhaps better than other types in bad conditions. In frosty weather, too, rubber roads have been unaffected when it has been necessary to throw down sand or gravel to prevent skidding on other surfaces. Nor is there any dust with rubber roads.

In spite of the present cheapness of rubber the initial cost of rubber roadways (from £2 10s to £3 for a square yard) is high; but experience has shown that a life of twenty years at least, without extra maintenance costs, may be expected from rubber, so that in the long run rubber is likely to prove little if any more costly than some other surfaces which have a shorter life and continually need attention.

RICH GROWING POORER

GREAT SLUMP IN MILLIONAIRES

Only Two and a Quarter Million Income-Tax Payers

THE 487 VERY RICH

The Inland Revenue Department, the Government office which collects taxes, has issued its report for the financial year which ended on March 31, 1930, giving an account of millionaires paying taxes in 1929 in the United Kingdom.

It is shown that the number of millionaires was only 487. As trade has since declined we may suppose that the number is now even smaller.

A millionaire is taken to be one who has an annual income of at least £50,000, or five per cent on property valued at a million pounds.

The Fall in Four Years

How heavily the number of millionaires has declined can be shown by comparing these figures with those of four years ago.

Annual Income		Millionaires	
		1925	1929
£50,000 to £75,000	328	253
£75,000 to £100,000	129	104
£100,000 and over	144	130
Total		601	487

Thus in four years the number of millionaires fell by 114. It is probable, we imagine, that when we get the figures for the current financial year the number of millionaires will be reduced to something like 400.

This illustrates the considerable fall in British wealth. There has been a very great decline in the capital value of investments and of the income received from them.

With regard to the year ended last March we are able to give details of the number of persons paying income tax. This is very important.

Income tax is only paid by those whose incomes exceed £135 a year. The number of persons with an income-tax income last March is shown to be over five millions. As we have about ten million families, this means that only one family in every two has one of its members possessing an income of £135.

A Remarkable Fact

All these five millions, however, do not pay income tax, for allowances are made to married men on account of their wives and young children. This reduces the number of income-tax payers by as many as 2,850,000, thus leaving persons actually paying income tax only 2,250,000.

It is a remarkable fact that in our big population of about 46 millions there are only two million and a quarter who pay income tax.

The fall in the national income makes the work of the Chancellor of the Exchequer all the more difficult, for he has either to raise the rate of tax to get the same amount from a smaller aggregate of taxed income or to set his wits to work to devise fresh methods of taxation. That is the task the Chancellor has now to face, and we all look forward to the Budget with anxiety.

THE UNPOPULAR ARMY

Army recruits continue to fall off. In the twelve months to last September only 26,550 recruits were obtained, a decline of 1581 on the previous year.

We could have no greater proof of the unpopularity of soldiering, for, as we know, an enormous number of eligible young men are out of work. On the other hand, the fact that idleness is being made profitable to so many has its effect in preventing recruitment from the unemployed.

A HELP FOR THE MINERS

Discovery Which May Save Life

A discovery has been made which may save great risk in the lives of miners.

It has been found that coal shows a resistance to an electric current which changes greatly with the amount of gas the coal contains. By measuring the resistance of coal in mines where explosions from gas are liable to take place the dangerous zones can be located.

A great deal of survey work for locating mineral ores is now done by electrical measurements, so much so that a new science has risen in recent years known as Geophysics. It is a geophysical instrument which has been applied to the measurement of gas in coal.

PERSIA AND HER OWN AFFAIRS

Taking Over the Telegraphs

THE SHAH AND THE BIG DOG

Change comes even to Persia in these days. She has just taken into her own hands the telegraph system which for over sixty years had been run for her by British officials.

The task of maintaining telegraphic communications will not be entirely easy for the Persians, for there are within their borders wild tribes who have the startling habit of carrying off telegraph poles for use as tent poles, and wire to make into bullets, while the white insulators have been such attractive targets for marksmen that they have had to be changed for inconspicuous brown ones.

The history of telegraphy in Persia would make one of the most amusing chapters in the story of telegraphy.

A Childlike Ruler

When the system was being installed in Persia the Shah of those days paid a visit to England and, of course, wished to know what the electric telegraph was. In some respects his mind resembled that of a child, and all attempts to make him understand the mystery were in vain until a genius for explanation put it in this way:

If your Majesty will imagine an immense dog, so big that his tail is in London while his head is in Teheran, your Majesty will see that if someone treads upon his tail in London he will bark in Teheran.

We may imagine the Shah thinking of an immense dog as having something to do with the cables from London, but certainly the day came when an immense creature of another sort had something to do with it: The cable crossing the deepest part of the Persian Gulf suddenly went wrong and was found to have been investigated by an inquisitive whale.

The monster had found the cable and made so thorough an examination of it as to wind itself up in it, destroying its own life and effectually snapping communication between two countries.

I-SEE-ALL CAMERA

Swallow It and Be Photographed

First the oculist looked the patient in the eye with the ophthalmoscope, then the physician looked down his throat with the laryngoscope, and after the surgeon had looked right through him with the X-rays a further advance was due. It has come with the camera that can be swallowed.

It is a tiny camera two inches long and less than an inch in diameter, so made that it can be swallowed by a patient with a resolute gulp and the encouragement of the physician. When swallowed it descends to the stomach from which it can be drawn up again by the flexible tube attached to it.

In the flexible tube are two wires, one of which carries a current to flash a light, the other for operating the shutter of the camera.

When in the stomach this arrangement enables the camera to take photographs of its surroundings on tiny plates about the size of the piece of card the tram conductor punches out of a ticket.

There are sixteen of these plates, and the camera, like a photomaton, can take that number of snapshots at a sitting. When it is drawn up again with its record the photographs can be enlarged and a complete picture gallery of the stomach is at the service of the physician.

At present the physician and the inventors have led the way in swallowing the camera and describe the operation as an easy one, from which, apparently, they have suffered no ill effects.

HOW TO KILL TRADE

The Tariff Game Between Nations

AMERICA LOSES A CUSTOMER

A striking example of the killing of trade by artificial means is revealed by the Trade Returns of Switzerland.

Switzerland had a big trade with the United States, to whom she sent watches, clocks, machinery, textiles, and other things. Swiss watches, of course, are famous, and deserve their fame.

When the latest American tariff was devised Swiss exports to America rapidly decreased, and Switzerland felt the loss severely. As a result American goods have been boycotted in Switzerland, so that Switzerland no longer imports as many goods from the United States.

Yet America is just as anxious to export her products as is Switzerland, and America has large quantities of products ready for export for which she cannot find a market. But, of course, if America will not buy she cannot sell.

It is a pity that in the Twentieth Century such foolish hindrances to good trade should be deliberately set up by civilised nations.

WHY MAKE CRIPPLES?

The Way Not To Do It

The Medical Director of Papworth Village Settlement has been appealing to the public not to go on making cripples.

There are different ways of making cripples, but the way he speaks about is the way of consumption. Tuberculosis of the glands, bones, and joints, especially among young children, is caused by drinking milk from a diseased cow. He begs people to boil milk.

Often it is extremely difficult to detect a diseased cow, and farmers must not be blamed for the fact that London is possibly taking 4,000,000 gallons of infected milk every year.

The farmer can guarantee that no dirt and dust gets into our milk by keeping his cowsheds spotless and sealing the milk in bottles directly it is drawn, but he can seldom be certain that all milk from his dairy is free from infection.

The remedy is in our own hands, and is quite simple. We must boil our milk. The best way to do that is to bring it quickly to the boil, stirring to prevent a skin from forming, and then to chill it quickly by putting it in a jug set in a basin of cold water under a trickling cold tap for half an hour.

SOUTHEND IN SEARCH OF THE SEA

When George the Second was king the City merchant in search of the seaside went to Southend. Now Southend is going farther out to search for the sea.

In those days it was quite a journey by postchaise or by the family coach, but now, when we have a motor-road and a morning express or a dinner train to or from the Mansion House, thousands go where once there were hardly dozens.

Southend, in fact, is so near that it competes for the title of London-on-Sea, and naturally it wants more sea. It is proposing to build a wall seaward along the Thames Estuary and Londonward past Leigh, to which the sea will come close up.

Sometimes now, when the tide is very low, it is almost necessary to go to the end of the famous Southend Pier to cast a biscuit into the waves, but when the four-mile wall is built the long pier will stretch no longer across sands, but over an enclosed space studded with tennis courts, gardens, and bathing-pools, and (it is darkly rumoured) a golf course.

Some time ago Southend spent money in buying yellow sand to improve the appearance of its rather murky foreshore. The new scheme will improve that foreshore out of existence.

THE £7 COMPANION

And the Truest on Earth

Among recent wills is that of a Cirencester auctioneer who left his pet dog to someone with £7 a year for its keep.

That is just about what it costs to keep a dog. Most canine experts say that soft food is bad for dogs, and that their teeth are only kept clean and healthy by tearing raw meat and scrunching hard dog biscuits.

There may be dogs who thrive on scraps, but the average man who takes a pride in his dog buys him twopennyworth of raw meat a day and a half-crown bag of large dog biscuits once a fortnight. That comes to £6 10s a year; and then there is 7s 6d for his licence.

People who are less careful have to buy medicines and ointments, so that hardly anybody can say that his dog costs nothing to keep.

But what pleasure he gives for his £7 salary! There never was a better companion; a more faithful, forgiving, sympathetic, and jolly comrade, than a dog. How joyously he leaps ahead on a walk, and how quietly he presses against your chair when you are gloomy! Does he not give more value for £7 than anybody else ever could?

The only misery of keeping a dog, as Sir Walter Scott said, is that he dies so soon; but his 14 years of friendship is well worth having.

DUST IN THE COTTON MILL

Something To Be Done

Cotton dust is a great cause of sickness among cotton-workers and we are glad to know that it is receiving increased attention from authority.

An official report just issued suggests that it is obviously desirable to reduce the exposure of cotton operatives to dust and fibre.

Cotton arrives in England packed tightly in bales, and from the moment the bales are opened the air of the mill becomes loaded with particles.

The danger varies in different parts of the works. Some workers begin to feel the effects of cotton in their lungs as soon as they reach thirty.

Of late years cotton mills have been fitted with exhaust apparatus to suck out the particle-laden air, and young people entering the trade may not suffer as the older workers have done. There is as yet no clear proof of improvement, however, and it is earnestly to be hoped that regulations will be enforced to make the clearing of the air universal.

ONE MORE FRAUD

There never yet was a ghost which was a genuine article; the other day we read in some reminiscences of one more fraud.

A student was talking to his landlady while she laid his breakfast, and he learned that she was worried over her next-door neighbour.

"She is very ill," said the sympathiser, "and medicine will do her no good. The fact is, she's haunted. Every night at midnight, as regular as regular, there come three taps. She is sure it is a signal that she is going to die, and is nearly out of her mind."

"But," cried the student, "those three taps come from my knocking my pipe out when I finish reading!"

He ceased to knock out his pipe, and the haunting ceased too.

But for a chance word the rapping might still have been an unsolved mystery, providing copy for our sensational dailies.

THE WORRY

Every week I see four of the highest and four of the lowest college bills, and I find there is more occasion to worry about undergraduates not eating enough than spending too much.

Sir Michael Sadler

A MILLION VOLTS?

The Tremendous Forces Men Are Playing With

A 30-ACRE SWITCH

All kinds of experiments are going on with giant machines which generate electric currents of a million volts and more, even two millions.

It would have seemed fantastic a very few years ago to talk of such machines, and more so to talk of sending current through wires, as we do now, at a voltage of over 100,000. But the higher the voltage the less loss there is in sending current over long distances, and the higher the voltage is the finer can be the wire suspended from the steel towers to conduct the current. These high voltages, in fact, have alone made possible the sending of power over great distances.

Whether we shall ever have wires spreading over the country with electricity at a million volts cannot be foreseen, but the tremendous voltage of 400,000 is now being considered by the French, who want to send to other European countries electricity made by French water-power. The chief difficulties are protection from the terrible effects of a wire carrying such a voltage snapping and touching the earth, and the prevention of electricity escaping by corona discharge—the leakage into the air by thousands of tiny streams like the bristles of a brush.

Some idea of handling these terrific voltages is gathered from the fact that in America, where more than 200,000 volts is being transmitted, the switches in some cases require *thirty acres of ground*, so immense are they.

CHANGES OF TRADE

Quantity and Prices

We have already shown our readers how much prices have fallen in the last few years. This fall, of course, greatly affects the apparent size of our overseas trade as expressed in pounds sterling.

Let us see how our export trade would look if prices had remained as in 1924. For simplicity's sake we take British exports of manufactured goods only. The Board of Trade works out the facts as follows.

	Exports at Current Values	At Prices as in 1924
1924 ..	£619,000,000	£619,000,000
1929 ..	£574,000,000	£676,000,000
1930 ..	£440,000,000	£542,000,000

The value of this comparison is that it brings out the actual quantity of trade as distinguished from valuations at current prices. In the second column the figures are shown as though the prices of 1924 had remained constant right through the period until the end of 1930.

We see that the quantity of trade has not fallen as much as the value of trade. Even so, however, the fall in quantity has been very serious.

GARDENS SMALL AND BEAUTIFUL

Oh to be in Florence
Now that April's there

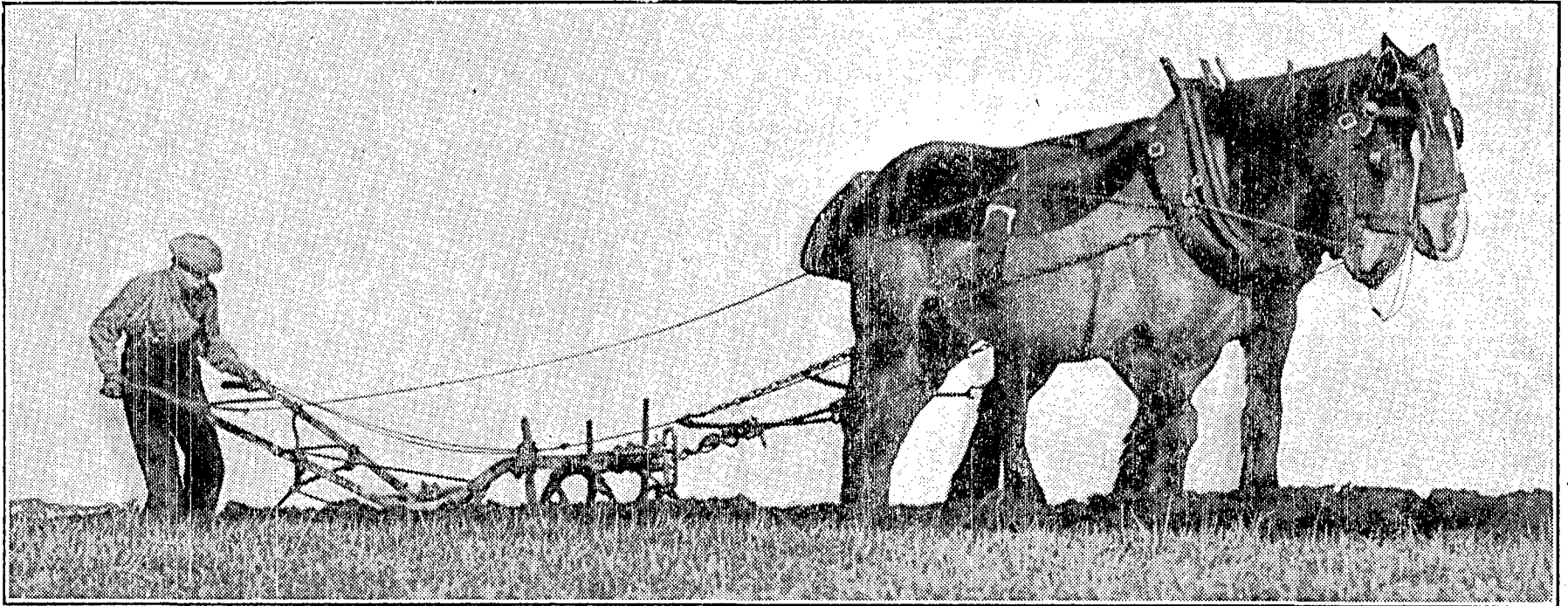
This will be the sight of some people when they hear of the Exhibition of Italian Gardens to be opened in Florence on April 21.

The exhibition is so big that it will take up forty rooms and halls of the Communal Palace of Florence, where a Podestà, or chief magistrate, has ruled since the thirteenth century.

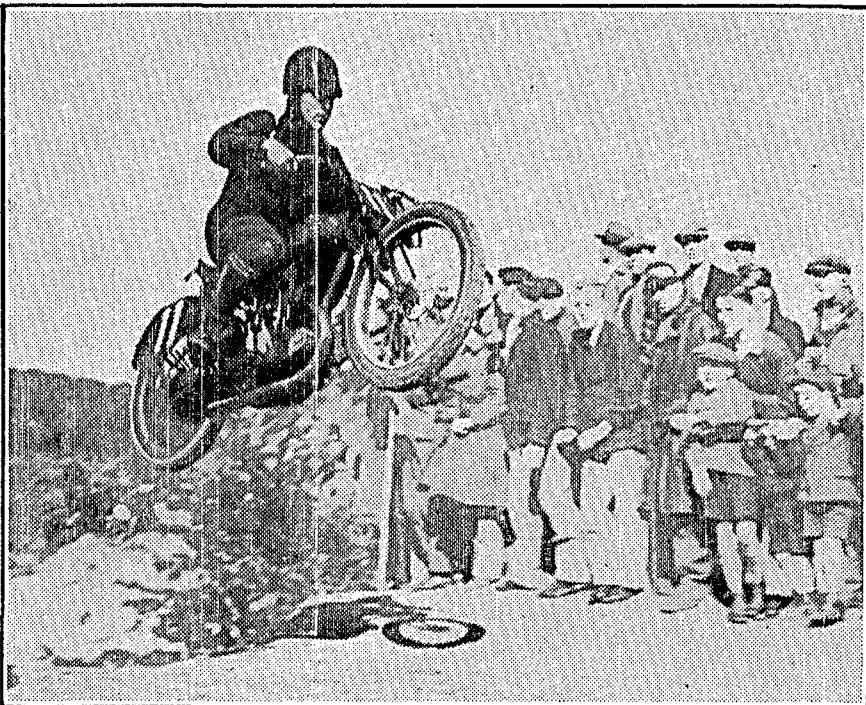
Every sort of Italian garden will be shown by small models carefully worked out to scale.

One room is to be entirely devoted to a reconstruction of the famous garden described by Pliny, the Roman historian. Believed to have been laid out in Umbria, this garden was noted for its hundreds of shrubs clipped into shapes of animals and birds.

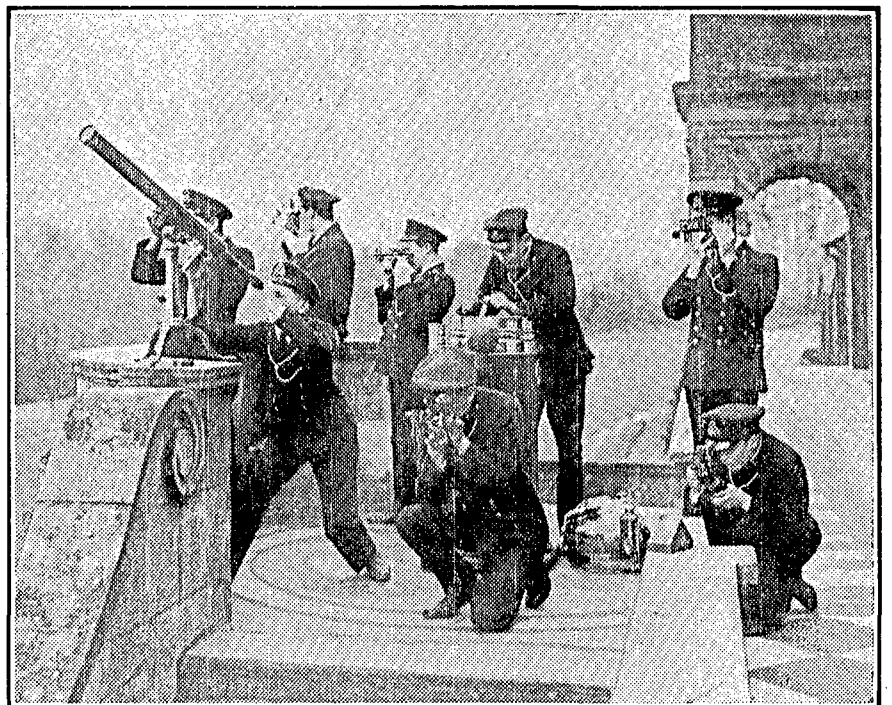
WILD LIFE SANCTUARY · SCHOOL FOR SAILORS · WATERCRESS HARVEST



Ploughing Again—With the coming of Spring the ploughs will be busy in the countryside. This beautiful picture is symbolical of present activities.



Flying Motor-Cyclist—Travelling at a high speed up an incline this rider in a motor-cycle steeplechase shot into the air on reaching the top of the slope.



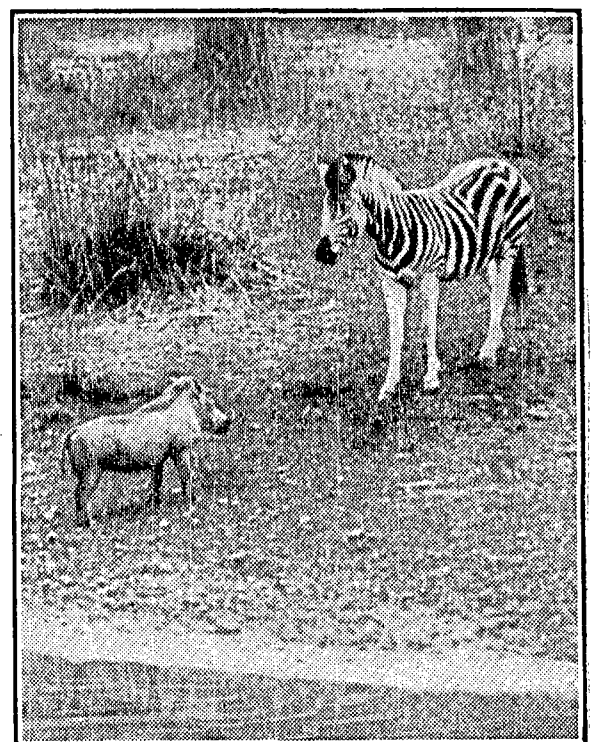
A School for Sailors—At Pangbourne, on the Thames, is the Royal Nautical College, where cadets learn seamanship. Here some of them are using navigating instruments.



Watercress Harvest—Gathering watercress at this time of the year does not appeal as a pleasant pastime, but at this Hungerford farm the water comes from a natural hot spring.



Railway Signals for Road Traffic—At a level-crossing in Worcester railway signals are used to stop the traffic when a train is crossing the road.



Transvaal Sanctuary—A meeting between a wart-hog and a zebra at a water-hole in the Kruger National Park, where wild animals may roam without fear of the hunter's gun.

NURSERY DAYS AT THE ZOO

HARBINGERS OF SPRING

The Black-Necked Swans Who Forgot Their Nest

OPTIMISTIC PEAFOWL

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The arrival of spring is the happiest event of the year at the Zoo, and the birds that hasten to be the first to announce the departure of winter deserve to be congratulated most warmly.

This year the Zoo's harbingers of spring were a pair of Australian black swans. In the middle of February these two birds were observed to be busy collecting twigs and pieces of straw, and by the end of the month they were the proud owners of a huge nest—the first of the season.

A Parent of Importance

The nest is situated behind shrubs which screen it from view, and as soon as the swans had made a home they began to prepare for their next occupation—the rearing of cygnets.

The female fussily tested the comfort of her newly-made nursery, and then sat on it so that it was impossible to see whether she had eggs or not, while the cob assumed an important and aggressive manner. He was ready to guard his family from all dangers, for no Zoo father takes more pride in his offspring than this black swan.

Last spring he and his mate reared the first brood of black cygnets to be born at the Zoo for a very long time, and he carried out his paternal duties with the utmost zeal.

A pair of black-necked swans that live next door to the black swans were impressed by their neighbours' good example and began to gather twigs and straw. But their efforts excited less interest than the nest of the black swans, for last year the black-necked swans built a nest and then forgot to place eggs in it. However, their nest was not wasted; they share an enclosure in the Three Island Pond with a number of ducks and waterfowl who used the swans' nest as a nursery for their youngsters.

The Cry of the Peafowl

Other Zoo optimists who started to welcome spring in February were the peafowl. Their harsh courting cry was heard echoing through the gardens, and whenever the Sun shone these birds displayed their gorgeous tails. They were eager to give their visitors some idea of what a joyous place the Zoo will be when spring is definitely in possession and gaily-hued birds are flaunting their fine new plumes in the warmth of bright sunshine.

A few inmates of the Aquarium also tried to establish early spring nurseries. Recently the Aquarium acquired a collection of dog-fish, and some of them produced eggs and thus provided the Zoo with "mermaid's purses."

Father Blenny

Each mother dog-fish laid about nine eggs encased in pale yellow horny purses which were equipped with long mooring tendrils, but after carefully attaching the eggs to pieces of seaweed the dog-fish ceased to be maternal. They showed themselves disposed to invite their mates to a cannibal feast, so the eggs were hastily removed into a neighbouring tank. The horny cases in which these eggs are enclosed are known as mermaid's purses.

Another Aquarium mother is a blenny. She, too, is a cannibal who wanted to devour her spawn, but the father blenny is a good parent. He guards the eggs from their unnatural mother, and swims backward and forward in front of them, gently fanning them with his fins. Though this arrangement may seem strange it is common in the fish world.

CLAPTRAP ON A MATCHBOX

The Silly Way of Doing Things

Some matchboxes, on the backs of which the manufacturers have printed jokes to attract custom, have been sent to us by a Cambridgeshire correspondent.

Quite properly the C.N. is asked to say something about the character of these attempts at humour, and the first thing that occurs to us is that if the matches are no better than the jokes they must be poor indeed.

Our correspondent summarises some of the jokes about which she has remonstrated with the matchmakers; and about those we can say nothing except to sympathise with her view and with the failure on her part to get the makers to improve them out of existence.

Vulgarity in the Home

But the examples which are sent to us are vulgar and stupid enough. One is the tale, of which any of our soldiers would be ashamed, of a drunken soldier in the war and a distinguished general. The anecdote is as absurd as it is contemptible.

Another effort concerns a film star whose retort to a clergyman when she presented herself to be married is equally worthy of the pothouse.

A third, the least noxious of the collection, is the rhyme of a farmer:

We never plough nor scatter
The good seed on the land
Because it does not matter
With German corn on hand.

That is merely silly claptrap. It may indicate what the matchmakers think of the wits of their customers. But everyone uses matches today, and usually selects them without reference to anything but their price. But we cannot think they will favour the matches referred to when they find themselves unable to buy a box without the risk of bringing vulgarity into the home.

THE WORK THAT IS NEVER FINISHED

Surveying the Waters

There is one task of the Navy Boards which is never finished, the surveying of the seas of the globe.

In every part of the world ships are leaving their winter bases, where their officers have been busily writing down all they learned last summer by means of compass, sextant, and sounding-lead, not to speak of more complicated things.

The Beaufort is leaving Devonport for her work off the west coast of Scotland; and the Fitzroy leaves Chatham for the British east coast. The Endeavor will continue her work about the Red Sea, and the Ormonde in the Persian Gulf. In both these waters British oil traffic has increased enormously.

In China the survey ships will stay in port a little longer; the Herald and Iroquois were to begin about March 21. The Investigator and Palinurus, of the Royal Indian Marine, are at work in Indian waters, and the Protea is off the coast of South Africa.

It is sad to reflect that in the most dangerous and dreaded waters of the globe urgently needed survey and charting work has had to be stopped for want of money. These are the little-known Barrier Reef waters; and the Navy Board of the Commonwealth is obliged to economise here.

Rubens's house and studio at Antwerp are to be used as a public museum.

Police on point duty in Paris are experimenting with white helmets instead of white armlets.

Italy has now 300,000 telephones, double the number of five years ago, when the system was handed over to private enterprise.

EXPERIMENTS WITH A BUTTERFLY

What Does It Remember?

Some fascinating experiments to find out how much a butterfly can remember were made last summer in the Royal Palm Shade Park of Florida, and the results have now been published.

The roosting-places of the butterflies were discovered, and it was noticed that at dusk they collected in good numbers and flew around their night quarters for some time as if exploring them before settling down for sleep on the twigs.

The inquisitive naturalists were anxious to find out whether it was memory or scent that led them back to their homely twigs, so they took away the twigs and placed them on another bush a little distance off.

When the butterflies returned, tired out with the day's excursions, they circled round the old bush for some time and saw that all was not right. But it was the place and not the smell of their stronghold that attracted them, and all except one of them finally settled down for the night on the old bush, but on fresh twigs.

One lonely fellow found his way to the old twigs, and spent the night on them in a new bush ten feet away.

THE MARVELLOUS MADE EASY

Science for a Boy

Everyday Marvels of Science. By V. H. L. Searle. (Ernest Benn, 10s 6d.)

Devon is a land of poetry and romance and the home of England's adventurers.

Today romance and adventure and even poetry have permeated science, and in this book the physics lecturer of Exeter University College displays graphically for the intelligent West Country boy (that most stimulating of inquirers) the essential facts of the newest marvels of science.

Here, without mathematics and its formulas, we read of talking pictures and television, the stroboscope and the gyroscope, range-finding and submarine signalling, colour photography and kinematography, the measurement of the infinitely tiny and the mysteries of wireless telegraphy.

A careful reading of this book should make even an unintelligent boy a reverent worshipper at the altar of Science and Knowledge, thankful for what the brains and industry of our scientific workers have achieved.

DOOM OF THE FLY

One Step Nearer

It seems that the household fly, the common enemy, may have some difficulty in living through the Electric Age.

First steps have been taken to eliminate it swiftly, painlessly, and effectively by an electric plate. The plate is bound with copper wire, a powerful electric current is led to it, and a spot of jam is placed enticingly in the middle.

As soon as the fly sets foot in this electric field there is an end to him, a quite painless end. The shock has killed him before he can even sip the sweets.

A beginning has been made in ridding the world of one of its undesirables.

WHEN A MAN LEAVES HIS WORK

A number of enlightened American employers have started a practice of interviewing any of their employees who leave their service, the object being to obtain light upon grievances.

It is held that if a man leaves with a grievance he is as much a liability as a dissatisfied customer, and his grievance may be one affecting the character of the organisation. It also happens that some of the interviews result in the person remaining in his employment.

A MAN AND HIS SERVANT

A Story Recalled by a Concert

HOW TO CURE A CHEAT

The work of two great friends has been performed by the Bach Choir.

Mr H. B. Brewster, who died after a riding accident, left a prose poem called *The Prison* behind him, and Dame Ethel Smyth translated it into music.

Perhaps few of the listeners were thinking of the dead man, for he was modest and solitary, and his character never became public property. But if any were there who wondered what sort of man he was the quickest way to tell them would have been to repeat the story about Palmizio.

A Painful Discovery

Palmizio was employed by Brewster when he lived in Rome, and, like all Brewster's dependents, was handsomely paid. Yet Palmizio cheated his master right and left. It was so easy when the master trusted one!

But one day the master's son came on a visit from England, and he was not so innocent as his father. In a short time he found out how matters stood, and went to Brewster with proofs that Palmizio had been robbing him.

Palmizio was summoned, and, of course, expected dismissal and prosecution. But Brewster said: "I find that you, whom I believed to be an honest fellow, have been systematically robbing me, so that I can only conclude that I have been underpaying you. From this day your wages will be doubled."

Palmizio burst into tears. How many men would have thought of such a way of curing a thief?

SPOILING THE RIVERS

It Can Be Stopped

We are pleased to record that progress is being made in reducing the pollution of our rivers.

For over a hundred years industrial factories have discharged into our rivers the foul and poisonous fluids produced in the processes of manufacture. Pure and clear streams entered the towns of the North and flowed out dirty and evil-smelling, bringing death to every form of life in their waters.

The Water Pollution Research Board has found that the pollution of rivers by the new sugar-beet factories can be avoided, and alterations in several of these factories are being made to remedy the evil. The Board is making a scientific survey of the Tees, the most typical river of our industrial areas.

THE BIRDS OF A CITY

English bird-lovers will wish to congratulate the people of Glasgow in general, and Mr J. H. Sutherland in particular, on an item of news which the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds sends us.

Glasgow is one of the most densely-populated cities in the United Kingdom, but its people take a kindly interest in bird life, and the birds respond by trusting their lives and fortunes to Glasgow's public resorts.

Mr Sutherland is keeper of Dawsholm Park, and he has prepared a return showing the number of species of birds which he saw last year in the park and the number which nested.

The visiting birds numbered 63 species; those nesting and rearing their young in the park were 25. Among the home-making birds were the kingfisher, the wild duck, the moorhen, the sand-piper, and the pheasant. The record is an excellent one.

L.C.C. trams now ask passengers to leave their tickets in the tram.

NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE

COMING EVENT IN THE TWILIGHT SKY

Why the Moon is Seen While the Earth Hides the Sun

EXTRAORDINARY CRESCENT

By the C.N. Astronomer

As a total eclipse of the Moon visible in this country has been a rare event of late years that on the evening of April 2 will be eagerly looked forward to.

Not since December 8, 1927, has such a good opportunity occurred for seeing the Earth try to obliterate the Moon with her shadow; and the convenient time for observation will add to the popularity of the event. For although the penumbral duskiness will be present while the Moon is below the horizon the actual eclipse will begin as she rises in the East at about 6.24 p.m.

A Weird Effect

Except for observers very favourably placed the Moon will not be seen for a little time while so low down; moreover, the bright twilight, owing to the Sun having only just set, will make our satellite appear rather dim at first. After a while, however, it will be obvious that the disc of the Full Moon is undergoing an unusual transformation, for at the bottom and slightly to the left a bite will appear to have been taken out of it.

As the Moon rises higher in the twilight sky the bite will be seen to grow larger and a weird effect will result, the Moon appearing with an extraordinary crescent such as we never see at other times. This is produced, as the curved edge of the Earth's shadow creeps upward, until by 7.22 the last gleam of sunlight will vanish from the Moon's surface and she will become totally eclipsed, remaining so for an hour and a half.

Radiance Without Sunlight

At the early part of totality the twilight will be still lingering; it will, therefore, be of interest to see what happens, because as a rule when observed against a dark night sky the Moon remains visible either as a faint and dusky grey disc or as a brighter one with a coppery hue which varies in places and permits the bolder markings on the Moon to be seen. Later on, as the sky darkens, some of these effects will be witnessed.

It may be wondered whence comes the radiance that thus lights up the Moon's surface and enables us to see her while the sunlight is cut off by the Earth.

Actually it is our world that produces this effect, for although it appears as a great dark disc, as seen from the Moon and four times wider than the Moon appears to us, it is surrounded by an immense ring of light produced by the refracted sunlight shining through the Earth's atmosphere, the Sun being behind the Earth during the total phase.

The effect is that of sunset all round the Earth as seen from the Moon with the prevailing colour red, as in our sunsets; this imparts a reddish tinge to the grey lunar surface and so produces the copper colour which we hope to see.

The Total Phase

But it may be more grey than coppery. If so this will be because cloudy conditions prevail over those regions of our world beneath the ring of light, and so, instead of sunset hues, only cold grey light is transmitted.

The total phase will end in south-east England about 8.53 when the returning sunlight will begin to shine on the lower edge of the Moon. During the next hour this will ascend toward the right and at a few minutes to 10 the shadow will pass off at the point shown in the picture. But for yet another hour the duskiness of the penumbra, representing those regions where the Sun is only partly hidden by the Earth's body, may be observed.

So the Moon will thus provide a whole evening's entertainment—if only the weather is fine. G. F. M.

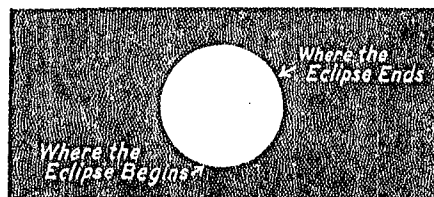
BUXTON DOES A GOOD THING WELL

Value of a Local Museum

We have received from Mr G. H. Hill, the curator of Buxton Museum, a Guide to its contents which is an excellent example of what such a museum should be and how it should recommend itself to those who visit or live in the locality.

Buxton is central for a district where many archaeological discoveries have been made, especially in limestone caves, and a considerable number of specimens are exhibited in its museum.

They include a very interesting collection of stone implements lent by Mr F. A. Holmes; a similar collection with pottery, given by Mr W. Allan Milton; geological examples presented by Mrs Mitchell; examples of fossils and of mineral ores from the district, and of stalactites from the caves; with many specimens of glass and china from a wider area. Sir Boyd Dawkins, in opening the museum in 1928, said that



Next week's eclipse of the Moon
See previous column

it contains "the very oldest collection of the remains of animals from caves which has been met with in the whole world."

Sir Boyd Dawkins left to the museum his own Reference Library—the books which assisted him to revive the study of Ancient Man. The Museum Guide contains articles by experts on the varied contents of the museum, and the Library includes the most authoritative books for a further study of the subjects illustrated in the collections.

Here, then, is a local museum likely to stimulate scientific study, and providing the literary means for such study, while the country around furnishes illustrative materials.

Why should not every town with similar opportunities gather materials into a museum of its own?

A Lost Opportunity

Bournemouth has lately purchased, most wisely, the Hengistbury Headland, which has surrendered to the excavators a vast number of varied objects of antiquity which ought to have been, available for study in the neighbourhood where they were found. They are not available. They are dispersed, no one apparently knowing where. Bournemouth is not to blame, for it is a new town with a history of less than a century; but Christchurch is ancient, and it adjoins Hengistbury. It lost its opportunity of linking itself with a past far more remote than that of its own abbey.

There must be a number of other towns that might with advantage follow the lead of Buxton; we hope they will.

ALL ABOUT THE LEAGUE

Young America Learning

Seven thousand high schools in the United States have received particulars of the League of Nations Competition for 1931, sent out by the League of Nations Association of New York.

The examination is being held this month, and the first prize is a trip to Europe, including a visit to Geneva.

This is the fifth year in which such a competition has been held, and, though only one boy or girl gets to Geneva each year, the amount of reading and study on the subject means that quite a number of young Americans are learning about the League, ready for the time when their country joins. Last year over thirteen thousand schools took part in the examination.

C. L. N.

Peace and War Sixpences

Number of Members—24 513

How many members of the C.L.N. can beat the record of Abmah Lurie, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa? In sending the subscription of a friend she writes that she is "the twentieth member I have got for the League." We could do with a few more members like Abmah. How many members have you got?

Dorna Brown, of Leamington Spa, has also been hard at work among her friends and has persuaded some to become members. Of those who would not give their sixpences she writes: "They do not know how many millions and millions of sixpences another war would cost, do they? But we are pushing to our third ten thousand. I watch our beloved C.N. every week for the increasing numbers."

Dorothy Modral, of Lanchester, in Durham, tells us that when she has finished with the C.N. she sends it to her French correspondent. This is a good idea, which might be copied by other members for helping on international friendship.

The Coming Conference

Most C.L.N. members know about the great World Disarmament Conference to be held next year. During the next few months many societies will be holding meetings about the League to gain public support for this important event, which may change the history of the world. Members might well decide how best they can help to make such meetings known among their friends.

'And as next year will be so important for the League every member of the C.L.N. should help to prepare the way for the conference by obtaining as many new members as they can.

Every new member helps on the great cause of friendship and goodwill upon which Peace and Disarmament depend.

May we have one more, please, from among your friends?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Japan Calling—page 1

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Many Lifeboats Are There Round the British Isles?

There are 194 at the present time, but new motor-lifeboats are being built to replace the old rowing and sailing types.

Why Has the Giraffe a Long Neck?

In the course of evolution the giraffe acquired its long neck because it feeds on the foliage of trees. If deprived of its lofty acacia trees it would perish. It must not be forgotten that its neck has exactly the same number of bones as a man's.

Has the U.S.A. a Twilight?

What we call twilight lasts while the Sun is passing through an arc of 18 degrees below the horizon. Its duration depends upon the latitude and the time of year. The United States extends from the latitude of 25 degrees, where the twilight is short, to 48 degrees, where, at the summer solstice, it lasts virtually through the night.

What is the Cause of a Cloudburst?

A cloudburst is the sudden fall of a large quantity of rain in a short period of time. It is due to the sudden overturning of a large mass of unstable atmosphere. A cloudburst during a tornado is due to the ability of an upward rush of air to support condensed water until a great quantity collects and becomes too heavy for the air to support it any longer.

SOCIAL SERVICES

THE NEW CHARGE ON THE NATION

Astonishing Growth of Public Assistance in All Directions

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

The term Social Services is a very interesting one, and is quite new in our national life. Everyone should try to understand its meaning.

It is used to describe the funds which have been set up under recent laws to help the great mass of the people in sickness and poverty.

To take the main things that have been done, there are:

1. The National Health Insurance, which brings guaranteed benefits to those in sickness, including medical aid and weekly payments in lieu of wages lost.
2. Unemployment Insurance, which comes to the assistance of those deprived of work through bad trade.
3. Old Age Pensions.
4. Widows and Orphans Pensions.
5. Subsidies to assist the building of little houses.
6. Free education.
7. Poor Relief for the destitute.

Of these seven items only the last two date back to the nineteenth century. That is a remarkable fact. What we may call the duty of public assistance has only come to be fully recognised in the Twentieth Century. In the old days, for example, in times of bad trade a workman would drift into complete destitution before he obtained assistance.

400 Millions a Year

It is remarkable how the sums spent on public assistance have grown in recent years. If we take account of the above items, and add the great expenditure caused by the War Pensions paid to the maimed and to the widows and orphans of soldiers, we get the following remarkable figures for 1921 and 1929.

The figures are millions of pounds.

SPENT ON	1921	1929
Health Insurance ..	30 ..	40
Unemployment ..	11 ..	54
People's Pensions ..	21 ..	58
War Pensions ..	101 ..	54
Housing ..	5 ..	32
Education ..	89 ..	97
Poor Relief ..	34 ..	44
Hospitals, and so on ..	16 ..	17

This is a total of 307 millions for 1921 and 396 for 1929.

These figures cover England, Wales, and Scotland, and include not only what is provided for out of taxes levied by the Government but expenditure by local authorities also.

We see how greatly social expenditure has risen in eight years. Some of the increases are astonishing, especially those relating to unemployment and housing. We are also able to say that, while the actual figures are not yet available, there is no doubt that the totals greatly increased in 1930 and that they will increase again this year.

Bad trade has increased these expenditures by making bigger calls for unemployment pay and poor relief, while it has reduced the incomes of the taxpayers and ratepayers who provide the money. We can, of course, only continue these heavy expenditures by doing profitable work to provide the means.

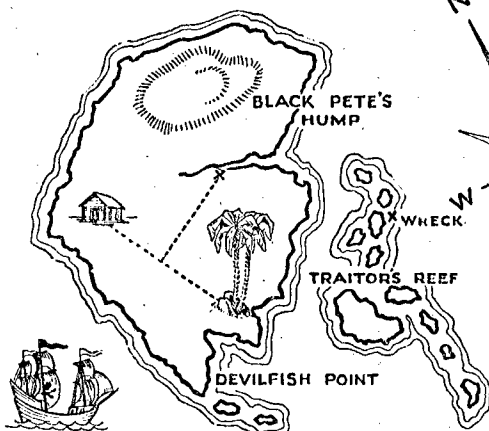
\$52,000,000 BECOMES £60,000,000

The recent fall in prices has had a drastic effect on the British War Debt payments to America.

As this is a gold debt, and as goods are priced at gold prices, it follows that as prices fall more goods have to be furnished to repay the debt. As compared with the position a year ago the \$52,000,000 has, in effect, become over £60,000,000.

What the cryptic draught board said.

The code message solved!

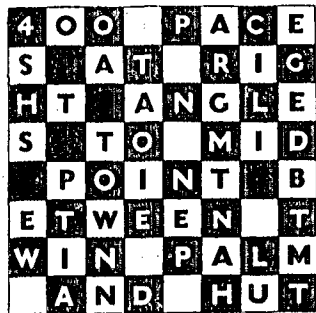


This chart shows how Sunny Jim solved the mysterious code message.

You have probably solved the puzzle of the broken draught-board and are waiting to see what came of it. Well, about eleven o'clock that night Sunny Jim sat back from the table with a sigh of relief. He had arranged the pieces of draught-board in their right places, and this is the message he read:— 400 PACES AT RIGHT ANGLES TO MID POINT BETWEEN TWIN PALM AND HUT. "I'll look into that in the morning," he thought, and went off to dream of buried treasure.

In the morning, invigorated by a breakfast of "Force" with cocoa-nut milk, Sunny Jim set off to find the twin palm. This was only a little distance from the hut, and the mid point was soon found. Then Sunny Jim turned at right angles, and started on the 400 paces.

Soon he was digging on the bank of a small stream. He quickly uncovered a wooden chest, and opening it, was surprised to find several packets of "Force" and a faded document. "A sail at last," he read. "We are storing the rest of the 'Force' which has kept us alive all these months. It may be more welcome than a chest of bullion to some shipwrecked mariner. We are in good health, thanks to 'Force,' but were growing anxious for our fast-dwindling store. Good-bye, Fortune Island."



Sunny Jim opened one of the packets of "Force," and found that their wax-paper wrappers had kept the whole wheat flakes as dry as they were the day they left the mills, in spite of the damp ground near the stream. "Digging is hungry work!" he said, munching a handful, "and 'Force' is wonderful stuff." If you haven't tried "Force" you should send to Sunny Jim, (Dept. CG4), 197 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1, for a Free sample packet. (This offer applies only in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.) Have it with hot or cold milk for breakfast. No cooking is required. "Force" is made from the finest Canadian

wheat, flaked and cooked with malt. "Force" contains all the wonderful nourishment of the whole wheat. It is the best food for boys and girls and you should eat it regularly every day for breakfast. It builds up health and strength and helps towards success in the future. Ask your mother to give you "Force" regularly—other healthy boys and girls have it!

"FORCE"

WHOLE WHEAT IN FLAKES

The food for healthy boys and girls!

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MY MAGAZINE

April issue now on sale

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FOR LITTLE ONE

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said
A jewel, if you please.

But while they held their hands out-stretched

To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

A Proverb

EVERY truth is not to be told.

A Thought From Scott

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

Bacon's Little House

THE great chancellor Francis Bacon, in the years before he became famous, built a simple cottage in the country to which he was still fond of retiring when he needed rest.

Passing through the neighbourhood one day Queen Elizabeth expressed a wish to see Lord Bacon's country seat. When she came up to it she was much surprised.

"Your house is very small!" she exclaimed.

"Madam," replied Bacon, "my house is big enough for me. It is your Majesty who is too great for my house."

Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make

STONE walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty. Richard Lovelace

A Saying of Jesus

WHERE two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.

A Fable From Aesop

THE TWO FROGS

ONE hot summer, when the country was parched and the lakes and ponds had nearly all dried up, two frogs were travelling together in search of water. At last they came to a deep well, and, sitting on the edge of it, began to discuss if they should jump in.

One of them was in favour of doing so, urging that there was plenty of clear water and no danger of being disturbed; but the other thought for some time and then answered: That is all very well; but I do not care to jump in because if the water should happen to dry up here how should we get out again?

Look before you leap.

A Little Prayer

WE thank Thee, loving Father,
For all Thy tender care,
For food and clothes and shelter
And all the world so fair.

MOTHER OF THE C.N.

Why It Leaped To Fame

THE GREAT SECRET OF THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

The Children's Encyclopedia, the mother of the C.N., which has leaped into world-wide fame and has followed the Bible and the flag round the world, is still circulating in astonishing numbers in its handsome ten-volume edition.

Again and again the question is asked why it happens that there are more copies of the Children's Encyclopedia in the world than of any other encyclopedia or of any other big children's book.

The answer is that it was the first book that ever told children the story of everything in the only possible way for children—as one great whole.

All other encyclopedias had been alphabetical, and there had never been a children's encyclopedia because the alphabetical system is impossible for children and injurious to a child's mind.

The Secret Solved

The Children's Encyclopedia solved the secret of the plainest system of knowledge that has ever been devised; it fascinates and educates too.

It is not an Alphabet of Facts. It has not come to steal away the joy of childhood and put the bitter grinding of an alphabetical encyclopedia in its place.

An alphabetical encyclopedia is a useless torture for a child; he does not want a book which leads him on from Baking Powder to Balboa, from Sal Volatile to Shrimps and Sunshine. He must see the story whole, and not in bits.

A booklet describing the C.E. will be sent to any C.N. reader sending a postcard to the Educational Book Company, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

THE STORY OF ONLY

The word Only has several meanings, all simple; but the distinction between them is not always remembered by those who write hastily.

The word is used as an adjective (an only son); as an adverb (I only did it for his benefit; and in the phrases only just in time and if only, expressing a fervent wish). It is also used as a conjunction for except, like the often misused word But (the day is sunny, only rather cold). It may be used also to distinguish a man from his fellows (our only statesman).

It is as an adverb that the word gives trouble. Such a sentence as He only left England a week ago would be more grammatical if written: He left England only a week ago.

We can, however, be too careful about the placing of this little word, as we can be too careful about avoiding split infinitives. The result may be mere stiffness in construction.

The Oxford Dictionary offers these remarks for our guidance: "Only was formerly often placed away from the word or words which it limited; this is still frequent in speech, where the stress and pauses prevent ambiguity, but is now avoided by perspicuous writers."

In using Only the writer need not worry much about grammatical correctness if his meaning is absolutely clear.

ROBOT ON THE FARM

The world hardly can tell whether to be pleased or dismayed at a report presented at Geneva about the displacement of farm labour on Canadian farms by machinery.

A farm which formerly took on 30 men in the spring and 120 to 150 in addition during the wheat harvesting now employs only 14 men throughout the year.

A machine that cuts and threshes grain can harvest 40 acres a day with two men to work it. Meanwhile, as the C.N. pointed out the other day, Canadian wheat is down to about eightpence a bushel, and in the North-West the farmers have been burning grain for fuel.

RICHARD LUCKLESS

Serial Story by
Mary CarruthersCHAPTER 25
The Kinswomen

BARBARA made her way through the narrow wynd of Leith, all heads turning to watch horse and rider as they went by. But her mind was intent on Miss Catherine Logan.

She turned up the street which led to Miss Logan's house on Sheriff Brae, facing the Coalhill. This handsome old house was the last of the possessions of the Logans of Restalrig, the former lords of Leith. Their lands, their goods, their houses, even the old home of their race, Loch End Castle, overhanging the rock on the bank of the deep Loch of Restalrig, had all been taken away from them by James the Sixth in his fury at finding the dead baron had been mixed up with the Gowrie Plot.

However, with the luck of the family, the baron's son had carried off a great heiress from a crowd of suitors, and so somewhat restored the fortunes of the Logans. The heiress's initials, entwined with heart-shaped shields, were to be seen gracefully sculptured over the dormer windows jutting out on the roof.

Barbara drew rein before the threshold and dismounted, being soon surrounded by a staring crowd. The door opened in answer to her knocking, and a grey-haired, parchment-faced manservant admitted her.

"I wish to see Miss Logan on a matter of great urgency," she said.

He led her up a flight of massive oak stairs to a great room running the whole length of the building. It was sombrely but richly furnished with fine paintings, carved furniture, and tapestry hangings. Barbara had never been in such an apartment before, yet it did not daunt her. It seemed somehow natural for her to be there.

"Be seated, madam," said the old steward. "I will tell my mistress that you are here." He bowed himself out.

Barbara sat down; she looked round. On the one side of the hooded mantelpiece was a long fine mirror, on the other side was a portrait of an old man with a long nose and crafty eyes. He wore a ruff, and the epaulettes and bombasted breeches of the day of James the Sixth.

"That will be the old baron," thought Barbara. "He seems to look and laugh at me as the little foxes did in the chest. Ah, here she comes!"

Soon steps were heard in the passage, a tapping staff, and the voice of the steward talking to his lady.

The last sentence rang out distinctly: "And you are not to get a fright, madam, when you set eyes on her."

A fright at seeing Barbara! She rose, flushing angrily.

The door swung open, and Catherine Logan paused a moment on the threshold. She was a tall, gaunt woman, nearing sixty, dressed in black velvet, with a pointed lace collar, and with a black hood half covering her abundant grey hair. Her eyebrows were like two raven's feathers, the eyes beneath them bright, black, and piercing, fixed steadfastly on the unknown guest.

Beneath their compelling stare Barbara curtsied and declared her errand at once.

"You will not know me, but I know you, the greatest lady in Leith, of the proudest kin. I have come to ask your help, to beg on my knees if need be, for you to intercede with the Governor and ask him to spare the life of the young English prisoner who is to die on Leith Sands tomorrow."

Never a word answered Catherine Logan, nor did she relax from her fixed gaze. Slowly she walked down the room, halting upon her staff. She came to a standstill in front of Barbara and plucked at her sleeve.

"Where did you get those clothes?" she demanded in a deep voice like a man's. "Let me see the clasp of the necklace." She peered at the engraved gold clasp that fastened the pearls. "Aye, it is the same," she said. "The heart pierced with three arrows. Who are you, girl," she cried, "that come to me wearing my dead sister's clothes and her jewels? Yes, and her shape, and her countenance too."

"My name is Barbara Macrae," said the other, "and the clothes were my mother's. I found them in her chest."

"Lend me your arm," said Catherine Logan, and sank down stiffly in a chair, her staff clattering on the floor beside her.

"Barbara Macrae, I should think I did know that name," she repeated, "and that downy black-hearted Alistair lied to me—and said the bairn was dead with the mother. There can be no doubt that you are my sister's child. Your hair alone

would prove it. It is not like my sister's, it is my sister's hair. It cast a light into the room when she came in; you could warm your hands and your heart at the blaze of it."

"My people are fisher-folk; I do not see how my mother could have been your sister," said Barbara.

"Anne married beneath her degree," said Miss Logan. "My father cast her off and would not hear her name again, but I could not put her so easily from my heart, my only sister, the youngest of us all, dearer to me than the brothers. We met in secret, for the Macraes were as bitter as my father was—they hated the very name of Logan, and just when my father died, and I was free to help her, Anne died herself, and Alistair Macrae sent word to me that her bairn had perished too."

"He and my other uncles have brought me up alone ever since," said Barbara.

"Out upon him, leaving a lady's daughter to be brought up by none but rough fishermen," said Catherine Logan. "And me, too, he has robbed of your childhood. You would have been mine, to cling to my skirts, to love and to teach."

"I may be yours yet," said Barbara, "if I am your niece and you desire me."

"I am indeed your Aunt Catherine," said Miss Logan solemnly, "and the old baron there (as she waved to the portrait) was your great-grandfather. The clasp on your mother's necklace is engraved with a pierced heart, and three arrows, in memory of the Royal Heart which our ancestor carried to the Holy Land."

"I can hardly believe it," said Barbara; "it makes me feel light-headed. Yesterday morn it would have made me mad with joy, but tonight I must think no more of you or of me, but of Richard Vaine, whom I must save from a shameful death. Aunt Catherine, you must help me to save him. He rescued me from the sea. It was not his fault that he was entangled with the mutineers—he is out of his station, being with the rank and file. His kinswomen, who have come all the way from London to find him, declare that he is the last of their family, and Sir Richard Vaine."

"Does General Monk know that?" asked Miss Logan. "He should do. He is a man who has a liking for the gentry; he comes of an ancient family himself."

"His aunts must tell the Governor that," said Barbara; "I have other work to do. I am going to rouse all the women in Newhaven and Leith to petition for his life tomorrow."

"Child, you cannot do that," said Miss Logan in horror.

"I can and I shall," Barbara replied resolutely. "If I come of the race that used to rule the men of Leith it will be strange if I cannot make the women follow me."

CHAPTER 26
Old Friends

SLOWLY passed the hours in the Tolbooth after Barbara had gone. Night fell, and for hours Richard tossed on his pallet, trying to go to sleep, while the golden October Moon looked down at him through the grated window.

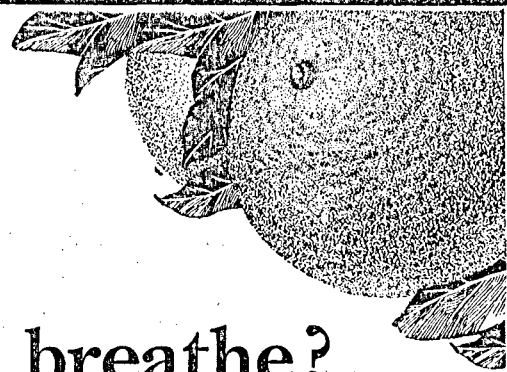
In the hour before dawn he fell into a deep and tranquil slumber.

As is the way with the very miserable and the very sick, his dreams started back from the grim present to a happier past. He was a sheltered boy again in Reynard's Retreat, that ancient house between the fir wood and the sea. How could he ever have wished to leave it? A warm, balmy wind was blowing in from the window, the starlings whistled in the caves. He was lying in the lavender sheets of the big bed with rose hangings, Jankyn in the little trestle bed, to be ready at his call. The little spaniels were scratching and whining at the door. All his aunts' dogs had the same trick—the first thing in the morning they waited for the dog-gates at the foot of the stairs to be left open by an unwary person, then up they rushed, not to greet Sir Vivian nor even their mistresses, but to leap upon Richard's bed with muddy paws, lick his face, and bid him good-morning.

"Jankyn, let the dogs in," muttered Richard drowsily.

At the sound of his own voice he awoke with a groan; daylight looked cheerlessly into the dismal cell. His bitter fate was before him. Well, anyway, Barbara would be the better that he had lived and died, and he had saved his comrade. Stealing himself with these thoughts, he raised himself on his elbow; for he could not get rid

Continued on the next page

HOW
does an
orange breathe?

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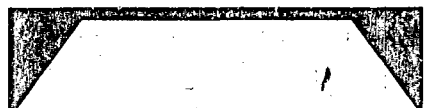
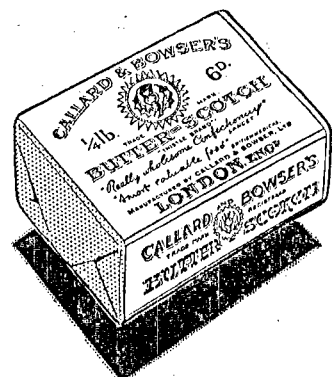
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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
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of his dream. At the sound of his voice, the familiar noise of little dogs scratching and snuffling at the door continued, redoubled, broke into an ecstatic yell. The key grated in the lock, and three little black and white spaniels burst in and fell upon their long-lost friend. "Down, dogs, down!" said Richard, restraining them, as first one old lady and then the other fell weeping on his shoulders.

"Aunt Deborah and Aunt Drusilla, how in the name of Providence did you get here? Oh, but I am glad to see you, though you find me in an evil pass."

"For long we had thought you dead," said Deborah, "then Rupert said something which roused our hopes. Up we came to London to see Joseph Jermyn, and found the old fool had driven you away. Then from something you had let fall to him about joining the Army we came up to Scotland to find you. We only arrived yesterday, and the first visitor we had was the red-haired girl, Barbara, who pled with us to plead for you."

"It was Providence indeed," said he. "Well, aunts, it is good to see you once again, if only to ask your forgiveness for all the sorrow I have caused you." He stooped to hide his emotion, and picked up the little dogs. "There are only three here," said he. "Could not old Frisk face the journey?"

"Don't speak of Frisk," replied Drusilla. "He is dead. Rupert was very unkind to him. Never mind the dogs now." She fondled his hand. "Do not lose hope, Richard. George Monk will never carry out the sentence when we tell him it is you, the grandson of his old friend, the last of his race."

"The last," repeated Richard, "but there is Rupert."

"Just before we journeyed from London to find you a messenger came from Devon," said Deborah, "to tell us that Rupert had been fishing in the river, and a storm came up and caught his canoe and took it out to sea. The empty canoe was found the next day by Beer. It was better so—he hated the place, and yet he would not let go his hold of it. He had no friends, he was unhappy."

"He last week and I today," said Richard. "We shall make up our quarrel, and understand each other in the next world, haply."

"No, Richard, no," his aunts cried out in agony. "George Monk will surely be entreated. Mr Bolton is to take us next to see Mrs Monk—and there is Barbara's project."

"Who will listen to her among the mighty?" said he.

"She has extraordinary power with the populace," said Drusilla. "She can play upon their passions as you did upon your viol. And she is not a mere fisherman's daughter. There is noble blood in her. The maid Eppie told us this morning that while Barbara was beseeching the greatest Scottish lady in Leith to help you last night it was discovered she was a near kinswoman."

"I am not amazed to hear that," exclaimed Richard; "she was for ever hankering for the life above her. From the first she knew I was in the wrong place, and felt that she was too." He broke off from his speech, attracted by something that was passing in the wynd. "There is a great stir outside," said he. "If I stand on this stool I can see out of the window." In a minute he dropped down to the floor again, and turned a pale, horrified face on his aunts.

"The street is full of nothing but women," said he. "Do you think they are waiting to see me die?"

"If the crowd is nothing but women that is all in your favour," said Deborah. "Stand up again and let them see your face."

He obeyed. The wynd was seething with the bare arms and striped petticoats of strong, rosy-cheeked fishwives. They forced their way up the Tolbooth stairs, calling a blessing down on Richard's handsome face, and shouting to him to keep his heart up: they would save him.

The gaoler struggled to push the foremost down the steps.

"Would you offer to lay your hand on me?" she cried, and seizing a great cod fish from her creel she felled him with it.

The crowd became more orderly as Barbara, dressed for the last time in her fishwife's garb, came down the street, marshalling them. An axe was on her shoulder.

"No use brawling here," she cried, "on with you down to the sands, and hew down the gallows."

TO BE CONCLUDED

JACKO AT THE CROSS ROADS

FATHER JACKO gave a snort one morning as he read the paper.

"Another motoring accident!" he exclaimed. "There really ought to be somebody at every cross roads to signal to drivers."

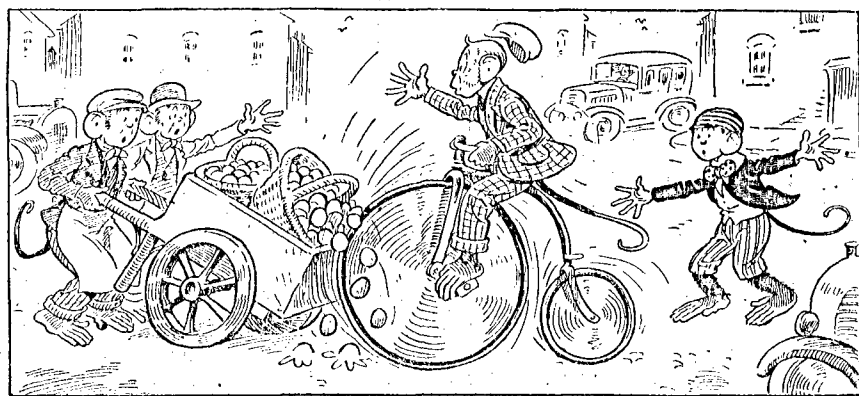
Jacko, thinking there might be something in it, decided to have a look at the cross roads at the top of the village. It really did seem a dangerous place,

"My hat! What on earth is that?" he exclaimed.

It was an extraordinary-looking affair, and when it got a bit nearer Jacko saw it was an elderly gentleman riding one of the old-fashioned bicycles.

"Coo! A bone-shaker!" exclaimed Jacko. "Well, I'm jiggered!"

He was so fascinated he simply couldn't take his eyes off it.



The bone-shaker went straight into the barrow

and no policeman was stationed there to signal to the traffic. Jacko decided he had found his mission in life. He took up his position well in the middle of the road.

It was really rather fun; Jacko felt quite proud of himself. He beckoned to some of the traffic and held up a warning hand to other cars, just as he had seen policemen do. And very often motorists saluted him, while one kind man actually threw him a sixpence.

"This is fine," said Jacko, and he was just going to leave his post to buy some bullseyes to warm himself up when he saw something very curious coming along the road.

"Come on, sir, come on," he called out to the elderly gentleman, signalling him across.

But unfortunately, in his excitement, Jacko had forgotten to look the other way before he gave his signal. Two men were approaching with a barrow laden with eggs and farm produce. The bone-shaker and its rider went straight into the barrow.

Crash! Bang! The bone-shaker fell to pieces, and the road was littered with broken eggs.

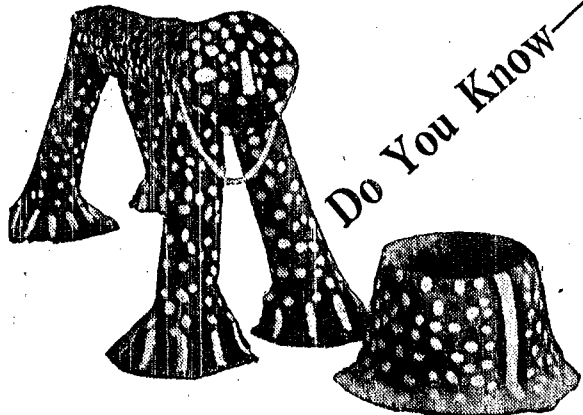
Fortunately nobody was hurt—except Jacko, and he had something to show for it when he got home.

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ART PLATE

entitled "King of Devils": Monster Siamese Effigy. A supplement of **FOUR ART PAGES IN COLOUR** and 90 new photographic illustrations in duotone.

Make Sure of the first 2 PARTS 1/3 each

Three minds with a single thought

To beautify teeth and safeguard health with GIBBS DENTIFRICE



FOR ECONOMY

Gibbs Dentifrice—neat, tidy, efficient—costs less and gives many times more service than ordinary pastes and powders. Aluminium cases: Popular size 7d.; Large size 1/-; De luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. In tubes 6d. and 1/- (These prices do not apply in Irish Free State).

And that's a happy thought indeed. So much depends on it. Health—good looks—the very zest of living. Such a simple thing to do—such a pleasant thing. For Gibbs Dentifrice has a delightfully fragrant foam that surges round the teeth and mouth. A penetrating foam that gets everywhere that a germ can get. And how cleansing! Death to germs—an end to greasy food deposits and all impurities—and a polishing for the tooth enamel that leaves it glowing like a pearl. Dental authorities say that Gibbs Dentifrice does everything that the ideal dentifrice can do—and does it thoroughly. So use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day and visit your dentist twice a year. It is the safe, proven way to preserve your teeth in beauty.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE

FREE!

The New Gibbs Fairy Book Free with the purchase of any Gibbs Toilet Preparation. If your retailer cannot supply



SEND THIS COUPON

EMERGENCY COUPON

To D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 8 X1), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1. Please send me the new Gibbs Fairy Book and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. I enclose 3d. in Stamps (sealed envelope) to cover postage and packing.

Name

Address

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

A MUG OF HOT COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter or jam are given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones these bitter mornings, 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests? Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1. President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

When answering advertisements please mention The Children's Newspaper.

A Jolly Magazine for Boys and Girls.

Little Folks

At all Newsagents MONTHLY 1/-

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 1/2 lb. 5/-, 3 lb. 10/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White or Navy. 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Cottons, etc.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION. EGERTON, BURNETT'S, N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

if it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!

Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment



SOLVING THE HEALTH PUZZLE

In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.

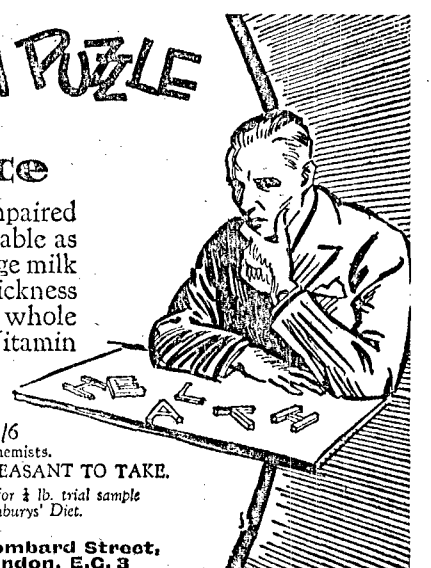


In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists.

EASY TO MAKE. PLEASANT TO TAKE.

Send 3d. in stamps for 1 lb. trial sample of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 28, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

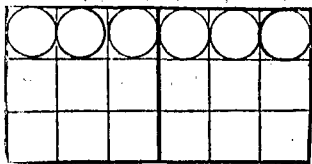
A Tea Problem

A GROCER bought a quantity of tea from a wholesale dealer. He sold some at a profit of three-farthings a pound, and the rest (three times as much) at a profit of 1½d a pound.

His total profit was seven shillings. How much tea did he purchase?

Answer next week

Linked Squares



THE top horizontal line, indicated by circles, represents a word of six letters meaning "a toy gun." Find this word and complete each half of the diagram to form word-squares.

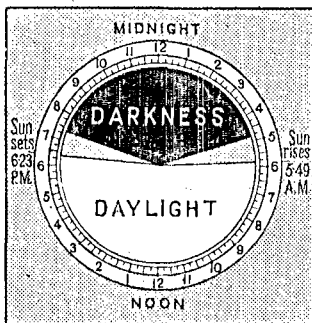
Answer next week

The Magpie's Nest

THE magpie is now building its nest, which is usually situated in the top of a high, thick hedge or among the highest branches of a tall tree. It is a remarkable structure of interlaced twigs lined with mud, with an inner lining of dry grass. The top is covered over as a protection from the weather.

The magpie was once very common in the British Isles but its numbers have been greatly reduced by gamekeepers.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

Spring Flowers

MARY was showing a friend her own little patch of garden where she had planted some bulbs.

"How many bulbs have you planted?" asked her friend.

"Well," replied Mary, "all but eight are tulips, all but eight are hyacinths, and all but eight are daffodils."

How many bulbs had Mary planted?

Answer next week

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

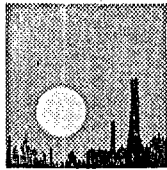
WHEN Margot persuaded her family to let her go to East Africa to her lonely brother she vowed solemnly that she would never be afraid of anything, and never say she wished she hadn't gone.

The morning after her arrival in Africa Tom told her to unpack "all her gimcracks," and that when he came home he would show her round.

Secretly alarmed at being left alone in such a lonely bungalow, with servants with brown faces and woolly heads who merely grinned and gabbled, but, remembering her vow, she set to work to make the bare house more homely.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. In the evening Mercury is in the West; and Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8.30 p.m. on Thursday, April 2.

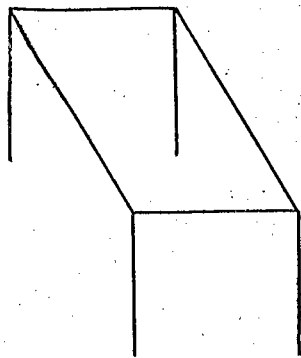


When Painting a Window

WHEN the frame of a window is being painted it generally happens that spots get on the glass. These are very difficult to remove if they have been allowed to get dry.

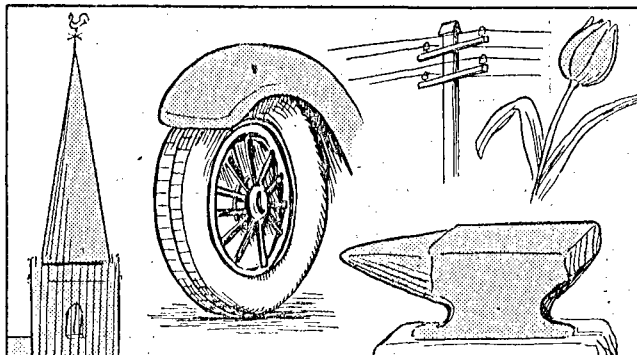
To prevent this trouble it is a good plan to rub a cake of moistened soap all round the glass three or four inches from the frame. The spots of paint settle on the soap film and do not get on the glass at all. It is only necessary to rub with a damp cloth to remove all the marks.

Look at This



HERE is a figure which resembles a kind of table. Look closely at it and first of all it seems that you are gazing at the table top. Keep on looking and suddenly the table appears to change its position so that you are now seeing the underside. Nothing really changes; it is only your eyes deceiving you.

A Diagonal Word Puzzle in Pictures



FIND the names of these objects and arrange them one under the other so that one of the diagonals spells the name of something that will soon be here.

Answer next week

It Fits to a T

WHEN we use the expression "It fits to a T" we mean to indicate that the garment or whatever is being referred to is an exact fit.

This expression has come into daily use from the drawing-office, where the T-square is used. The T-square, which is so named from its shape, is made to fit against the side of the drawing board with exactness.

Ici On Parle Français



La croix Le café Le croissant
Le cimetière est rempli de croix.
Le café est le fruit du caféier.
Voyez-vous le croissant de lune?

When Genius Blundered

THE "footprints in the sands of time" must be one of Longfellow's most frequently quoted lines, yet it is strange that it should have gained such popularity for it is in the nature of a howler.

The popular meaning of "sands of time" is the sands of an hour-glass.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Race

Bob won by 6 yards 2 feet. He beat his father by 2 seconds.

A Picture Puzzle

gATE, sLAtE, poiNT, brICK—Atlantic.

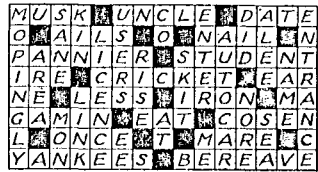
Hidden Fish

Plaice, hake, sole, sardine, pike.

The Code

Start at the bottom right-hand corner and read up and down the columns from right to left. "Arriving London Monday midnight."

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



Dr MERRYMAN

Making Sure

DOCTOR: Did you open both windows in your bedroom last night as I ordered?

Patient: No, doctor, not exactly. There is only one window in my room, but I opened it twice.

Time to Forget

TWO acquaintances met after a period of a week or two.

"Have you forgotten you owe me ten shillings?" asked one.

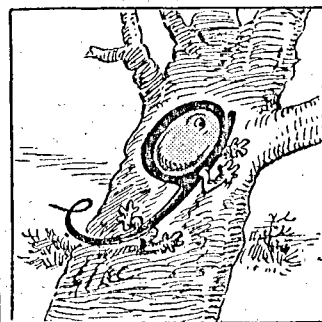
"No, not yet," replied the other. "Give me time and I will."

Not the Kinema

LADY DOWNSTAIRS: I understand your husband has gone into the moving-picture business.

LADY UPSTAIRS: Yes; we are Spring-cleaning, and he is changing the pictures round.

A Zoorosity



The Glizard

IT isn't easy to describe this sample of the lizard tribe. So let's just say it has the look of something in the copy-book.

An Urgent Matter

THE eminent doctor, who had had a trying day, gave instructions that he was not to be disturbed.

At about 3 a.m. his valet was awakened by the surgery bell ringing.

"I wish to see the doctor, please, urgently," said the man who had rung the bell.

The valet said that he must not rouse the doctor, but the man persisted.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor when eventually he appeared.

"I have called in answer to your advertisement for a secretary who could speak French."

"Well?" queried the medical man.

"I've just called to tell you not to count on me," said the visitor as he turned to go.

What Did Teacher Do?

BOY: Can a person be punished for what he has not done?

Teacher: Of course not.

Boy: Please, Sir, I have not done my arithmetic.

THE FOLLOWER

It seemed a long way back. "Margot, are you there?"

Tom's voice sounded queer; and when he had guided her safely to the bungalow she saw his face chalk-white in the lamplight.

"Tom, who was it?" she faltered.

"A lion, my child."

"A lion!"

"Yes; they come to drink at the pool. And now, I suppose, you want to go home?"

Rubbing her own white cheeks, Margot said: "No, I don't; but I'm just going to write and tell them all that our garden is rather overrun with large, stray cats!"

The Kolynos Kiddies No 5



The Kolynos Kiddies

Went out for a walk,
And met a small boy
With a face white as chalk.

He said: "My tooth's aching!"

They pitied his plight,

But said: "Do TRY Kolynos
Morning and night!"

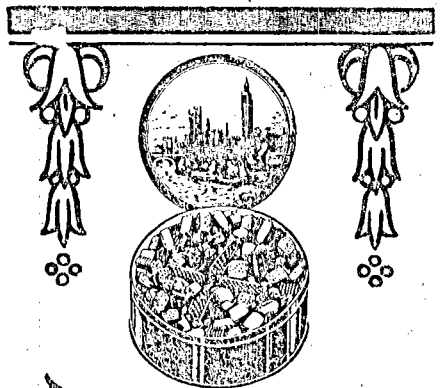
Kolynos cannot cure toothache, but by preserving the teeth it prevents them from decaying too early; "prevention is better than cure," of course. Kolynos keeps the teeth clean, strong and white. It hardens the gums, and destroys all acid-germs in the mouth.

Half-an-inch of sweet-smelling, clean-tasting Kolynos on a dry brush is enough to use after a meal, or for the morning or evening cleansing.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos Free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50E), Chancery Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post.

All dentists recommend Kolynos; every Chemist sells it.



Ask Mummy to buy KREEMY PIECES

Then you are sure of a real treat, for Sharp's Kreemy Toffee Pieces are so pure and wholesome, so lovely in flavour and such a lot for the money. Mummy will certainly buy you some if you ask her very nicely, because if she has tasted it she likes it herself.

SHARP'S KREEMY TOFFEE PIECES

